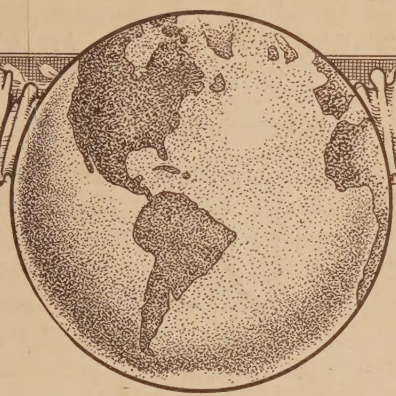
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

January 6, 1923



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Preaching as a Fine Art

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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ADVERTISING—*The Leader* will always be glad to receive advertising that will inform its readers where they can obtain reliable goods from reputable houses. It will invite advertising from those who may be able to supply real needs of its readers, but from no others. We feel sure our constituents will support this policy, which is adopted in their interest, even though it may conflict with our own. —*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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The Publisher's Column

THE LEADER announces with great satisfaction a series of articles by the Associate Editor, Dr. John van Schaick, Jr., on

"Seeking Our Kinsfolk Around the Big World"

to begin early in 1923.

On January 23, Dr. and Mrs. van Schaick will sail from New York on the steamer Empress of France. They will take a "Clark around the World Cruise" *via* Cuba, the Panama Canal and the Pacific, returning to Europe in May. There they will leave the cruise and spend some time in independent study and travel.

This is a most important and significant development of the larger Universalism. No man among us has had such a wealth of cosmopolitan contacts as Dr. van Schaick. Red Cross workers and sympathizers around the world know him, and will welcome him as a great ambassador of good will. Mrs. van Schaick's rare gifts as a linguist will make her the ideal companion and helper. They will go with letters of introduction as well as personal reputations that assure intimate contacts with the most significant people and movements everywhere. The resultant articles in the *Leader* will be a vital contribution to our understanding of our world problems and a quickening of the universal sympathy that must be ours if we are to be worthy of our name and faith.

We feel sure all our subscribers will want to call this announcement to the attention of their friends, and suggest that they make sure that the *Leader* comes to them regularly so that none of these articles be missed.

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All its resources are at the service of our Church and its faith.

Its opportunities for service are far greater than its resources.

It needs additional funds for missionary publications.

It needs endowed subscriptions for college and public libraries.

It will receive annuity funds paying interest the donor for life.

Copy 2

THE Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year | 105th Year | New Series | Vol. XXVI No. 1

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

IN SEARCH OF OUR KINSFOLK

THE Associate Editor is changing his address from Washington and Boston and the Federal Express to the Canadian Pacific S. S. Empress of France, sailing from New York Jan. 22 on a tour around the world.

On January 26 he will be in Havana, January 29 at Colon, February 8 at San Francisco, February 15 at Hilo and February 16 at Honolulu Dock.

From February 27 to March 11, he will be in Japan in touch with our Missions.

On March 15 he will be in Hong Kong, March 20 in Manila, March 25 in Java, March 29 in Singapore, April 2 in Rangoon, April 6 in Calcutta, April 14 in Colombo, April 20 in Bombay, May 3 at Suez and Cairo, May 10 in Naples, May 13 at Gibraltar, and May 16 in Le Havre, France.

Here the Associate Editor and his wife expect to leave the party (Clark's Around the World Cruise) and go to Belgium to visit friends, then to England for a month of study, and back to the continent for August. They expect to sail for home early in the autumn on the Empress of Scotland of the Canadian Pacific Line, landing at Quebec.

Arrangements for this trip were made before the Associate Editor joined the *Leader* family. It is the desire of the Editor and of the Business Manager that the plans be carried out, because of the conviction that the experience will be of value in future work for the paper.

The series of articles upon "Out in the Big World" will be continued weekly, giving pictures of life in various parts of the Far East such as may be gained on a quick tour, and more serious interpretations of men and events in Europe. The Associate Editor will continue also the editorial work begun for the paper in September.

So interesting has been his experience upon the *Leader* in the three or four months of active service at the Boston office, and so fascinating are the lines of work opening up, that it is a temptation to give up the trip and buckle down to work at home.

What compels the decision to stick to the itinerary is a recognition of the importance of an editorial job, the vast and varied knowledge required, and a realizing sense of the inadequacy of the preparation he has for the task. He wants to make additional preparation for the important tasks before us as a Church and before our church paper.

Back of all this is the conviction that the family to which our journal belongs is a large one and that one of the staff ought to go regularly to visit the kinsfolk. It is the pilgrimage of one who is more or less of an optimist, but he will try not to be silly about it. It is the visit of a brother to brothers all around the world.

What we shall find we don't know, but we shall tell truthfully what we do find.

To one and all, near and far, seen and unseen, of the *Leader* family, to whom he has become attached already by the unique and beautiful bond which unites an editor to a whole host of friends, he does not say good-by, for he is at the beginning, not the end, of new chapters of our life together.

* *

ANOTHER HILL OF CRUCIFIXION

CAN any man among us read unmoved the simple, unaffected story of Dr. A. Wakefield Slaten, as published in this issue of the *Universalist Leader?*

It is the old story of unbending literalistic, legalistic minds failing to understand in the slightest either the vision or the spirit of those who accept the promise of Jesus that "the spirit of truth will lead into all truth."

Here is a graduate of an institution called back to his *alma mater* to teach "Biblical literature and religious education." With "sanguine hopes" he and his family went back to the "shady, residential" old town named Liberty, with its memories of "happy college days" and its traditions of pre-Civil War culture. At the same time the University of Chicago brought out his book, "What Jesus Taught." All went well for a few months.

Then in the midst of a drive for a $600,000 endowment fund, a hostile review of this book was prepared by a Fundamentalist for a state Baptist paper, calling on the university to purge itself of infidelity. The article was not published, but was held as a club over the board of trustees.

Called before the board, refused permission to answer questions except by a categorical yes or no,

unable to make his real reverent devout attitude understood, Dr. Slaten was first urged to resign, and, refusing, was dismissed.

The campaign for funds was saved. A devoted Christian was sacrificed.

If anybody has any doubt as to the spirit of the man let him read his own simple, kindly narrative of what happened. "When reviled he reviled not again."

"My loyalty to the college," he says, "remains unabated. I want to see the endowment secured. I feel the same catch in the throat I have always felt as I see mentally the majestic hill-top crowned by the white colonial columns of Jewell Hall . . . and which will yet look down when minds are free from the ghostly shadows of the past and the question asked on that old hill and in every college of the land . . will be not 'Is it Orthodox?' but 'Is it true?' "

The great metropolitan dailies are divided as to what Dr. Slaten should have done. The *New York Times* says that he should have resigned. The *New York World* says that he should not.

In our opinion he did right in standing his ground and trying to make himself understood. There is no human right to the status of ignorance. There is no higher duty than allegiance to truth.

The trustees of the funds of any college are trustees for the common welfare of mankind, whatever the literal language of title deeds or charter.

The trustees have violated their trust. Dr. Slaten has been faithful to his.

* *

CONGRATULATIONS TO ZION'S HERALD

ON January 9, 1823, there was published on Market Street, Boston, Number one, Volume one, of *Zion's Herald*. The first line of type set under the name of the journal was this:

> "The angel said unto them, fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people."

For one hundred years *Zion's Herald* has been doing just that.

In this original issue of the paper we find reference in the "address" to the fact that Methodists, under Wesley, "were responsible for the commencement of Protestant missions." "These holy men, actuated by the true spirit of the gospel, and that faith which stopped the mouths of lions, first illumined the dark regions of the earth with the light of celestial truth."

In an issue within the past month on the cover page under the heading "A Debt of Honor" was this statement:

> "When Europe staggered out of the war, broken, bleeding and hungry, the Methodist Episcopal Church borrowed money on its credit and rushed relief across the sea without delay. . . . When certain leaders of vision and daring dreamed of a united Protestantism, united to save a broken world, the Methodist Episcopal Church, with nothing to gain, unselfishly pledged her resources to the fulfilment of that ideal. . . The debt of the Board of Missions is a debt of honor."

The strength of Methodism and the strength of *Zion's Herald* are a world-wide vision. Their prayer is the prayer of our Lord, "that they all may be one." Of all the virile, interesting, religious weeklies which come to this office none is more virile or interesting, and none is more fair and fearless, than *Zion's Herald*.

The true Methodist is a live person. He is not afraid to tackle the waiting jobs of this world. He has a great love for and sympathy with the common man. He has a vital faith in God, in Christ and in good works. Something of John Wesley lives in him after all these years.

We like the Methodists. We read *Zion's Herald*. And we beg to offer hearty congratulations upon this happy one hundredth anniversary.

* *

"FUTURE-MINDEDNESS"

THIS hyphenated term we take from H. G. Wells. It characterizes very well his own type of mind. For many years he has been the most "future-minded" writer in the English speaking world, and has in consequence had a large following and has wielded considerable influence. The idea, however, is not new, nor the experience it expresses novel, for Shakespeare speaks of our power to look before and after, and the Scriptures place great and reiterated emphasis upon the new things to come into our lives. It is indeed a marvelous endowment we have received at the hands of the Creator. We can recall the past, we can concentrate on the present, and we can conjure up the future, and by this power of future-mindedness we can escape from both the past and the present. This makes possible larger experience, wiser living, and greater development of personality.

We can project ourselves into the future. We can take into our field of vision the things possible for us in our own personal lives and in the causes which are dear to us. We can look through our telescopic imaginations, and see how the present will look years hence, and how present tendencies will be realized, and how the blue-prints of our plans will appear when the buildings are up. We can thus look up from the immediate moment and the present task and see them in relation to the future and their completion.

Moreover, we can rehearse in our own minds the many choices and probable consequences of our courses of conduct. We need not be thrust at once upon some course, nor need we be visited by the consequences of these courses all at once, without any preparation. We can rehearse in imagination the choices given and trace the consequences of several possible courses, and, in particular, of the course we actually choose. This is just what the wise future-minded man does. He has foresight. His wisdom comes before rather than after the event. This is the path of progress and the way of happiness.

And so, for such future-minded persons there is always the possibility of larger living and greater achievement. Life is inexhaustible in its resources. There is always more of what is good, true and beautiful. The past has not exhausted life's possibilities. The present span is too narrow to hold the mind in its grip. The future beckons and calls, and the mind that responds goes on its mighty way into the unknown, unpredictable regions of life. The future-minded man is not a milepost on life's highway, but a traveler. He moves on, and keeps moving, and is always having new experiences, and the way becomes

more alluring the farther on he travels, and even at the end he finds, not a precipice with an abyss, but an ascent into the eternal world.

It is well for us all to become more future-minded. Parents need to project themselves more into the future and ask themselves serious questions about the careers of their children, and especially about the characters they are to achieve. And the children and youth need to face the tendencies and results of their actions and courses, not as they will be a few years from now, but in the many and growing years from the present. They should dare face the critical question: "What shall we be ten, twenty, or forty years from now, if we keep on in this way?" The wiser youth do not want to get into some employment that has no great future, nor do they want to get into courses of conduct that have no great future for character, for manhood and womanhood.

We should have the same kind of mind with respect to our churches. The Catholics are more historically minded than we are; they have a strong and vivid sense of continuity, and in consequence, they have more confidence as they face the future than we do. We should develop the same sense of continuity and futurity. We should look into the future, plan wisely for our churches, have confidence in our mission in the world, and then act fearlessly and courageously in working at our present tasks.

* *

SHALL THE EDITORS SIT IN?

WRITING to the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* about the meeting of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Baltimore, Bishop Francis J. McConnell makes these interesting comments:

> Through long tradition the meetings of the Board of Bishops are held behind closed doors. After ten years of attendance at board meetings your present correspondent has never been able to see any reason for all this secrecy. Except in the discussion of the more intimate personal matters occasionally brought out in the reports of appointment-making, I do not now remember anything that might not have been said, let us say, before the editors of the church papers. The very necessities of free discussion would, no doubt, make it inexpedient to carry on episcopal arguments before a crowd, but there does not seem to be any very good reason for the present closeness of executive sessions. I doubt if there is any reason, except a hundred years of custom.

Zion's Herald endorses this suggestion emphatically, and says that to permit the editors of Methodist journals to attend the sessions of the House of Bishops "would stimulate a deeper appreciation on the part of Methodists everywhere of the seriousness of the problems which confront our leaders, and create a new spirit of co-operation in furthering the work of our Church."

Unquestionably this position is sound. Responsible editors can be trusted fully as much as bishops to use discretion and common sense in reporting meetings which in the very nature of the case have to be more or less confidential. And for editors to attend would take away all suspicion about "what goes on behind closed doors."

In this connection it is pointed out that representatives of the Methodist journals attend the meetings of the benevolent boards, the Book Committee and other organizations of the Church which hold private business sessions. It seems to be the theory that, whether meetings are written up or not, it is important to keep editors informed, and that no mere skeleton report or hasty interview afterward can possibly do the work.

At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention in New York this same matter was discussed, and it was informally agreed that it would be desirable to have a representative of the *Leader* present. At the recent meeting of the Council of Superintendents in Utica the same decision was made.

There are limits, of course, of time and strength to what the editors can do in this way, but the management of the *Leader* is agreed that it will be well worth while to make many sacrifices, if necessary, to be able to sit in when important matters relating to our beloved Church are under discussion.

* *

SOME NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

THAT next year I will begin to prepare for Christmas "in time."

That part of my preparation will be to read or re-read a good life of Christ.

That I will simplify my Christmas and free my mind as much as possible from the compulsion of "what is expected."

That I will broaden my Christmas and take in more people like "the hundred neediest cases," the "refugees" of Europe or "the mountain whites" or blacks.

That on Christmas Day I will eat plenty of oysters, good turkey, stuffing, mashed potatoes, cranberry, plum pudding, mince pie and other old reliables, and leave out some of the fancy dishes which upset my equanimity.

That I will boycott any Christmas service, if I know it, which proposes to deal with "the seed of the woman bruising the serpent's head," and attend that which holds up "the mind and the heart of Christ."

That I will go to at least one Christmas service of the church.

That I will concentrate my energies on giving my children and at least one other family of children a Christmas they will remember with joy to the latest day of their lives.

* *

If this year you should just put a bit of the Christmas spirit into 365 days, the rest of the year would be quite comfortable.

* *

The men need not worry so long as there continue to be unavoidable tasks which make them handy to have around.

* *

Treat the radicals kindly, for they are but the pioneers to break a path into the light of larger and better days.

* *

So live that when the first of January comes round you will not have a lot of stale bills to pay.

Driven Out by the Fundamentalists

THE *New York World* prints an account of the dismissal on December 14 of Prof. A. Wakefield Slaten, Ph. D., of the William Jewell College of Liberty, Mo., because of the views set forth in his book, "What Jesus Taught." The *World* puts above the article this head line: "Money Power Seeks to Crush Liberal Thought."

The *New York Times*, on the other hand, says this:

> It is not really necessary for anybody's blood to boil very much over the accelerated departure of Dr. Arthur Wakefield Slaten, Professor of Biblical Literature and Religious Education, from William Jewell College, which is in Missouri. He seems to be an estimable and intelligent man, who has given serious study to the subjects he was hired to teach. His conclusions in regard to them are those which a good many other estimable and intelligent men have reached as a result of similar study, and he has, of course, the best of rights—it is even his duty—to tell the truth as he sees it to all who care to hear him. But he is also under obligation to accept, as cheerfully as he can, the consequences that follow the telling while he occupies a chair at a denominational college founded expressly for the perpetuation and promulgation of certain beliefs which no longer are his—the verity of which he explicitly denies.
>
> It is all very well for him to talk about "academic freedom," but really that is not involved in his disagreement with the trustees of the college. They are not trying to silence him; they simply say that he must do his teaching somewhere else than in a place where his ideas give great and justified offense.
>
> Dr. Slaten thinks he has as much of a grievance, and the same kind of one, as would a teacher of geology who was expected to teach that the world was made in six days 5,000 years ago and was discharged because he denied the truth of those statistics. The analogy is not sound now, though it might have been 200 years ago or so. Geologists deal largely with demonstrable facts, while the matters in which Dr. Slaten contradicted the trustees of William Jewell College were for the most part in another domain—that of faith—and he has only what seem to him high probabilities with which to meet their settled convictions.

In striking contrast with the spirit of the writer of the *T mes* is the spirit of the man dismissed as it is revealed in his own words:

"In May, 1922, my book, 'What Jesus Taught,' appeared. It was published by the University of Chicago Press, Chicago. The book undertakes to discover the teaching of Jesus regarding civilization, democracy, hate, war and non-resistance, religion and himself, as this teaching is presented in the synoptic gospels, Mark, Matthew and Luke.

"To aid the student in orientating himself, there are four introductory chapters on 'Why People Study the Bible,' 'What the Bible Is,' 'The World Jesus Lived In,' and 'The Importance and Difficulty of Knowing What Jesus Taught.' The concluding chapter is entitled, 'What Jesus Taught: the Hope of the World.' Harmless all this, surely! But wait!

"The book views the Bible as the world's supreme religious literature, yet not immune to investigation. The Bible is to be studied as any other ancient literature is studied. Its sources are to be sought, its parallels in other literatures examined. Its statements are to commend themselves to the reader's reason and conscience before they can rightly become a form of thought or conduct. In some instances he may differ or discard, in others adopt with ready appreciation. Even the ideas of Jesus are to be evaluated. Discipleship means sympathy with the great Leader's ideals and a sharing of his spirit, but does not involve a slavish duplication of his opinions.

"In such a spirit, albeit with deep and long cherished enthusiasm for Jesus, the book was prepared. The method followed is a natural one. Mark is in each case studied first because his gospel is the earliest one. Then Matthew and Luke are examined. The teaching in each gospel is assembled and interpreted, a summary made and finally a composite statement of the teaching in all three is given. The fourth gospel is not treated because it stands in a class by itself and because I purpose to prepare two other books, 'What Paul Taught,' and 'What the Fourth Gospel Teaches.'

"About the time the book appeared I received a call to the chair of Biblical literature and religious education in William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo., a Baptist institution, and my *alma mater* from which I graduated fourteen years ago. With sanguine hopes my family and I betook ourselves to quiet, shady, residential old Liberty, radiant with memories of college days and redolent of traditions of the pre-Civil War culture.

"For a time all went very happily, but toward the end of the first quarter a cloud arose. An article was presented to the state Baptist paper for publication. It was a hostile review of my book, 'What Jesus Taught.' It found the book 'full of infidelity;' it opined that 'nothing worse, perhaps, is taught in the University of Chicago.' It called out personally the president of the board of trustees, and urged the trustees themselves, and the Baptists of Missouri, to action. It would not be enough even for the Baptists of the state to withhold their money from the college, it suggested. As a book review, the article was negligible, but as a polemic document it was well timed and well aimed.

"The editors were led to consent to withhold publication and allow the trustees to handle the matter quietly. A campaign for a $600,000 increase in the endowment was on, and it was highly desirable that no controversy should arise that might injure it.

"The executive committe of the board of trustees met Dec. 7 in Kansas City to consider the situation. I was asked to appear and reply to the criticisms of the book, stating my theological views. The unanimous decision of the committee after the examination was that I should resign, as my views were out of harmony with those of the rank and file of the Baptists of Missouri.

"I held that I had come to the college in good faith, with ardent idealism, and the hope of spending the rest of my life in her service. If I must go, I preferred to be dismissed, and to let it be written in the archives that William Jewell College had dismissed a man from her faculty for no other reason than that he held the modern point of view in religion.

"Accordingly, a meeting of the full board was called for Thursday, Dec. 14, and another examination held. As before, I tried to give a constructive answer, to give a reason or state a point of view rather than baldly to answer yes or no. However, such statements were not satisfying, and categorical answers were demanded. I could not retract the views that fourteen years of graduate study in the best universities of Europe and America, teaching, my own thinking, association with scholars and intimate touch with modern student life, had developed in me, and often I had to answer no.

"The virgin birth of Jesus, the infallibility of his teachings, his pre-existence and deity, his vicarious death, his bodily resurrection, his mediation and intercession at the right hand of God, prayer to him, or in his name, these all to me had long had but a historical significance. They were to be treated reverently, as marking stages in the development of Christian thought, but no longer represented the vital message of Christianity. And so, though I had never taught negations in my class room or elsewhere, I could to the questions as to my belief in these matters answer only no.

"The unanimous decision of the board was for my dismissal, on the ground that 'by reason of these views he is disqualified longer to remain in his present position as head of Biblical literature and religious education.' The whole matter was carried out in the finest spirit and with the utmost courtesy and consideration. My salary is to be continued to the end of the school year. We parted with mutual respect and increased affection.

"What does an incident like this mean to the college teachers of America? The issue is no mere personal one. It concerns us all. It is an episode in the desperate assault of what is known as fundamentalism, or militant and reactionary Orthodoxy, intrenched in tradition and backed by abundant wealth, on the teachers in denominational colleges who have allowed their scientific training to temper their religious views.

"It is part of an organized effort to intimidate through the threat of the withdrawal of financial support, influence by the promise of large gifts, frighten by hurtful criticism and embarrass by the presentation of preposterous creeds for college faculties to subscribe to, until every teacher of enlightenment and modern culture has been banished from the denominational schools at home and on the foreign field, and in our classrooms medieval darkness settles down.

"Were the trustees of William Jewell College influenced by the fear of the loss of financial support? I do not admit it. I believe they acted largely from religious conviction, sincere and worthy of respect, and only partly from considerations of expediency. My liberal views, however, would not have precluded me from any other chair, nor have removed me from the chair of religion, if criticism had not arisen because of the book.

"My loyalty to my college remains unabated. I want to see the endowment secured. I feel the same catch in my throat I have always felt as I see mentally the majestic hill-top crowned with the white, Colonial columns of Jewell Hall, a building that looked down on the quiet village when negro slaves were tending tobacco in the fields about and when volleys echoed from the hills and men in gray and blue contended, and which will yet look down when minds are free from the ghostly shadows of the past, and the question asked on that old hill, and in every college in the land, even the denominational college, will be, not 'Is it Orthodox?' but 'Is it true?' "

Religious Liberals and the New Religious Education*

Henry F. Cope

General Secretary of the Religious Education Association

SOME years ago Edward Everett Hale, in a personal letter, expressed surprise and regret that so few ministers and laymen of the liberal churches were identified with the Religious Education Association. His attention then was called to the fact that, on a *pro rata* basis, they were quite well represented; but still he thought that every one should fall in step with that which so fully represented their ideals of freedom, and he wrote accordingly to every Unitarian minister. However, one can understand the hesitancy of free men toward joining anything to-day; the world is full of wheels, and even a secretary may hold convictions about the subsidiary importance of organizations. The significance of any vital organization is that it is the precipitation of the social consciousness of a movement, and it is with the movement we are concerned.

Movements are of many kinds, and, where they are free, they will often seem to embrace a mixed and motley crowd. Some are not movements at all, they are only motions, and some are little more than crowd emotions. Some are well expressed in the way certain children once sang:

> "Onward Christian soldiers
> Marching back and forwards."

And others are deliberately organized processions, with more banners than business. The carefully planned propagandist efforts that spring out of movements are the attempts of the immediate-result type of mind to express itself. Just now we have a widespread agitation and propaganda for more instruction in religion. It is not strange that many free men recoil from it, for it often appears to be a part of the effort to intrench existing institutions, to preserve the social and theological *status quo*. Sometimes it demands impossible or unwise things, such as the incorporation of the Bible and religion in the curriculum of public education. Some of its advocates may be

*Dr. Cope was asked by the Executive Board of our General Sunday School Association to state explicitly just what he would like as co-operation from religious liberals. This is the second of two articles sent in response.

intemperate dogmatists. But progress always has its sporadic developments, and its course is seldom a straight line. It is wise to look at the direction rather than at the angle. Free men ought to rejoice in everything that calls for more light. They can afford to rest in the confidence that whenever men will agree to think in terms of modern education they must ultimately find themselves on the highway of living reality and in the atmosphere of freedom.

The paralysis of much liberalism is due to its unwillingness to accept anything short of perfection. Great movements are going forward in this world in which these righteous ones have no part because those who work in the movement use crude instruments, or they do but imperfectly conceive their purposes. Meanwhile liberals stand aloof, and on the pallid peaks of perfection their pure eyes gaze perpetually, nor can they even see the less poetic, grimy workers who sweat at building a road to the heights. If the movement for religious education is regarded in terms of organization, or purposes incorporated in social machinery, then we will have to admit that, like some other social mechanisms, it is a poor, imperfect, human affair. In this it is far from unique.

Perhaps we have stressed overmuch the mechanisms, and allowed societies and associations the front of the stage, and now we need to see the life behind the scenes, and to realize that organization is more than an instrument; it is a result, an effect and an evidence of forces at work beneath. It is only an expression of the movement.

What is the focal significance of the modern movement for religious education? It means the integration of religion in the whole of our modern education, and the interpretation of education in terms of modern religious purpose and ideal. It sets religion clearly in the area of intelligence, of thought and learning, and of the experience of developing life. It can do and is doing for religion what education has done for the sciences of chemistry and astronomy, bringing them over—on the long road of intellectual freedom and development—from alchemy and astrology, from ignorance, superstition and credulity, to scientific clarity and usefulness. It has transformed them from the brooding clouds of fear to the beneficent and clear-eyed instruments of human good. All men who love light rather than darkness ought to welcome whatever tends to bring religion into the area of education. Here we can be assured, not of immediate, but of ultimate freedom in truth. You can not loyally follow the educational method and arrive anywhere else.

Nor is the other focal aspect any less important or less desirable. Modern education needs the breath of freedom in the life of to-day, the freedom of higher purposes and more elevated ideals. It could easily become the tool of the existing order; it could easily become rather the foe than the friend of human progress if it confined itself to purely intellectualistic processes, if it had no purpose beyond instruction, or if it were regarded as a means of social regimentation. Our schools must be saved from those who would utilize their power to control and limit ideas, and from those who would make them simply the training agencies to produce more profitable industrial working units. And they must be saved from the current bread-and-butter, thin-minded philosophy. Education needs religion as much as religion needs education. Education needs the realization that she has to do with beings who are more than property potentialities, more than tenders of machines and commercial consumers. We have had too much education that assumed that man does live by bread alone, and, therefore, we have the great crowds, drifting, restless, hungry, and no man to offer them the bread of their inner lives.

Surely religious liberals put as much emphasis on one work as on the other! They plead for freedom in religion that religion may be free to take its regnant place in human life. If it is to do that it must take its place in education. Not as theology, nor as the Bible, nor as information in this or that form, but as meaning and purpose in life, as spirit and truth, as the recognition of life's ultimate values. It is fearful to contemplate the menace of an education which is simply the effort to increase the efficiencies of a predatory civilization, to make each man a better fighter, to put better intellectual tools in the hands of individuals committed to the prevalent jungle philosophy of every man for himself. Unless, in the high purpose of a loving human society, we can Christianize education, there seems to be little hope for any civilization.

What is the use of being free men in religion unless our freedom is for fellowship and service? Some insistencies on religious freedom are simply assertions of freedom from religion. They deny the bonds of brotherhood which bind us to all men and lay on us the obligation to share with all men the best of our lives, to help every brother man find the spiritual fulness of life. Here lies the basis for the common charge of coldness and indifference brought against religious liberals. It is not that intellectual freedom makes for frigidity, but that an over-emphasized individualism blinds men to social obligation and opportunity. An ingrowing self-consciousness is a painful and dangerous disease; it makes the spiritual life impossible, for it cuts one off from the only area where that life is found, in social experience. It sometimes seems as though liberalism might die because it is afraid to love. When it so stresses the individual as to make freedom seem to necessitate isolation it forces each man away from his fellows and toward a position where he asserts his creed, saying, "I believe in myself, infinite, infallible and alone."

Now in such a position there can be no religious reality, there can only be individual abstractions, for it is only in the sharing of life with others that we find spiritual reality. Brotherhood, communion, fellowship, these are the great words of religious experience, and out of them grow the method of co-operation and the supreme experience of the validity of love as a way and a value. Perhaps this seems remote from a discussion of religious education as a movement. But it is not, for I am thinking of the many fine men and women, religious liberals, who stand aloof from the movement, because they are afraid of all movements; they are not co-operators. They are afraid of co-operation, either because they do not believe in any directed associations of men, or because they fear the

implications; they are afraid of being credited with the ideas of those in the movement who seem to them still to walk in darkness.

Perhaps much of the aloofness is due to ignorance; it is like our feeling toward neighbors with whom we have never neighbored—they must be undesirable, because we do not know them. Do religious liberals realize that the most remarkable development, through all kinds of types and shades of intelligence, in religious education has been in the direction of one of their own most valued and valuable emphases, that character is the fruit and evidence of religion? Are they conscious how the curve of interest has been ascending in this direction? Do they know that not only in the more advanced scientific study but also in the public and printed utterances of the denominational workers this note has been increasingly clear? Let them read Professor Chartres' recent paper, where he speaks as a representative of the newly reorganized Sunday School Association and states boldly that we must now endeavor to form a curriculum determined by the purposes of lives and the types of conduct which express Christian ideals. It is certain that, if they are ignorant of his note, they have not read the publications of the Religious Education Association.

Here is offered to all men who seek truth and freedom an open door in this movement for religious education, one where they will find themselves in fellowship with earnest men and women, unafraid of light, believing in the vital forces of life, trusting truth, and following the faith that through education men and women find fulness of life and society its full spiritual possibilities.

Those who have joined with and worked in the Religious Education Association have found these things to be so. Some of the great leaders of liberalism have rejoiced in its fellowship and have found themselves able here fully to co-operate and freely to express themselves. To all men it offers an entirely open platform. Often it has been criticised because its program is not crystallized; the winds blow too freely here for some thin shoulders. But robust, up-standing men and women find here what they want, and the movement greatly needs their co-operation and fellowship.

Out in the Big World

XXV Holidays at the Old Home

John van Schaick, Jr.

OUT of the stress and strain of Washington, out of the nor'east wind of Boston, out of the holiday crowds of New York, a short night in a sleeper brought us to Albany and then on the old D. & H. R. R., which seemed once the mightiest artery of commerce in all the world, we began to climb up into the hill country. Past the Normanskill dashing over its rocky bed to the Hudson, past the Helderbergs, some dozen miles west of Albany, over the Schoharie flowing northward from the Catskills to join the Mohawk at old Fort Hunter, past Howe's Cave—quite a resort in the days of our fathers and grandfathers, and now by some action of the Post Office Department called Howe Cave, at which we old settlers all hoot—up the valley of the Cobleskill we came at last to the village of that name, forty-five miles from Albany, nine hundred and forty feet high "at the bank corner," and surrounded by lovely hills snow clad in this month of December, 1922.

The fast train which stops only at Schoharie Junction was filled with college boys and girls "going home for Christmas," and with fathers, mothers, brothers and sweethearts who had gone in to Albany to meet them. Had it not been for the heavy snow of Sunday, a score of automobiles, not all Fords by any means, would have been in Albany to get them. And as it was, a few hardy souls in their motors were racing us up the valley as we puffed and climbed toward the old home.

There is nothing in travel quite like the train homeward bound at Christmas. Conductor, trainmen and passengers alike enter into the spirit of the season. It was not simply train 308 on the D. & H. It was a magic chariot swiftly borne by flaming steeds. It was a treasure-laden Argosy. It was an entire "old home week" rolling along at forty and fifty miles an hour. So we came into the village with the station platform full of people to welcome dear ones back.

Cobleskill is a village of only 2,500 people. It has but two or three industries. It is not famous for any great wealth. Nor does it advertise and draw summer visitors. But it dates from way back before the old French War, it was a border settlement in that struggle, and through the Revolution it lay close to the strongholds of the Mohawks and the other Iroquois tribes, and they who held the valley in those days, men and women alike, were of brave and sturdy stock.

Dutch they were, from Holland, and Germans from the Palatinate, refugees then, strangely enough, "from the atrocities of the French." So does history reverse things over and over again as we go back along her line. They had their block houses and their forts, their militia and their "regulars" who came to help, their heroes and their renegades, and the pages of the local history are full of stirring deeds and hairbreadth escapes.

One day to a family in an isolated farm house, a small party of Indians and Tories appeared, hastily got together the horses and cattle, popped chickens and geese into sacks, stole everything portable, and drove father, mother and seven children off before them to Canada. Of the family of nine, only four lived to come back.

One half-grown boy who ran barefoot beside the horses all the way to Canada, by way of Niagara, made his way back when the war was over by way of Lake Champlain, and told the tale over and over again, especially to one little granddaughter who never tired of hearing it. And when that little granddaughter became the brightest, dearest grandmother in all the

world, I had the story from her lips to hand on down the family line.

It is not quite the same to come into the valley with that grandmother gone. It is strange yet, because she died only toward the last of the "Great War." But a fellow who keeps father and mother and all of his four brothers and his sister until well into middle age has no right to complain.

Up the old street to the big square house where I was born, into a room all lighted up by an open fire of maple wood, backed up in the heating end of its job by a hot air furnace—into a modest, simple home which like practically every other home in the village has electric lights, bath rooms and mail delivery, into a home atmosphere created as only a true father and mother can create it—here the rush of life slowed up, here the cares of life began to be forgotten, here the heavy burdens were lifted.

It wasn't the father smoking calmly in the big rocker, it wasn't the mother sitting quietly by the big fire, it wasn't faithful old black Mary in the kitchen, it wasn't the nephews and nieces dashing in and stealing in, it wasn't the brothers and sister arriving with their families from near and far, it wasn't the smell of apples on the table or of steak coming in from the kitchen, or the same old wall paper on the wall or the same blue dishes on the sideboard, that gave the home feeling—it was all of them, with the same old neighbors coming up the street and the same old and young dogs coming with a rush to meet us.

That man may well thank God who was born in the country or the village where people know him—know his faults as well as his virtues, but, knowing all, still love him, grip his hand and call him John or Jim or Tim or Hank.

One may not want to stay there forever, one may like the roads "east of Suez," or the capitals of Europe, or the great art galleries or concerts or universities or churches of the centers, but there is nothing for rest or change or pure unadulterated human happiness equal to coming back to the old town, any time, but especially at the holidays.

Life these days in the village may be as broad and cultured as life in the metropolis, and life in the metropolis may be as narrow and provincial as in the backwoods.

Once more we have had this season of unadulterated pleasure. To describe it adequately is impossible, but we suggest two or three memorable aspects to Christmas at the old home.

There were first of all the tramps over snow fields, up snow mountains, into the winter woods, over frozen streams—some of the walks on dark days with snow flurries in the air and some on bright days when it was dazzling with the winter sunshine on the snow.

The maples and beeches and birches of course were bare, but it gave us a chance to really see them as they were and to catch their individuality. And the spruces, firs, hemlocks and other evergreens—

> "Green not alone in summertime
> But in the winter's frost and rime—"

how faithful in their beauty and protecting power they indeed were.

As we tramped along one of the lower ridges of the valley we had beautiful views both of the valley itself and of all the higher hills—occasionally a semi-peak sticking up like the hill we call "Shank's," or further off "Bark Zaury" or "Cobble," but generally piled in ridges, one back of the other. On the higher levels, of course, we got the beautiful peaks of the Catskills to the south, of the Adirondacks to the north and of the Berkshires to the east.

Said my brother as he forced his 250 pounds through the snow banks, "This is the life;" and as we paused for breath and looked off at the panorama, ridge on ridge, hill on hill, villages in quiet valleys, snow-clad hills trimmed with evergreen, he remarked: "These views are wonderful in their beauty. At Bethlehem, N. H., there is beauty, but not as great beauty as this; and yet there it takes thirty hotels to hold the people who come to look at the scenery. Here you and I have it to ourselves."

Unquestionably these hills and valleys of Schoharie County, undeveloped except at Sharon Springs as summer resorts, have a charm all their own. One can go far back away from the railroads and the settlements and feel much as one does in a real wilderness.

Up side valleys, along old Indian trails, by lovely ponds or little lakes, up steep wooded acclivities, to little remote hill farms where there is always a cordial welcome, these wilder lands of a settled country, because of this fascinating human touch, are far more enjoyable for tramping than where there are no human habitations.

Among the Christmas presents there was a $14.00 radio receiving set down at the youngest brother's little house at the end of the village. He stretched one wire between a barn window and a poplar tree, ran a connecting wire into the house, and all was ready. After a little manipulating and adjusting I sat down to listen. It was a lonely night at a lonely end of the village, with everybody out but my brother and the baby. Into that almost deserted house there came all at once the words "WGY Schenectady. The next number upon our program is a five minute health talk upon 'The Medical Examination,' by Dr. Haven Emerson, professor of Public Health Service at Columbia." Without the loss of a syllable, I sat and listened to the carefully modulated voice tell us that if we took the pains to have our truck, our tractor or pleasure car looked over occasionally, we ought to do as well by ourselves. Then followed a concert of first-class music—orchestral and vocal; a high grade church choir sang "Holy Night," and other Christmas music.

It was almost overpowering to realize that all out over the country, even beyond the Rockies, in thousands of isolated farm houses, mining camps, far away in the backwoods, on lonely roads blockaded already by winter, people sat by their own stoves and fireplaces listening to these same selections. I could picture it more vividly because I knew the names of farmers who had receiving sets up in the little valley where we go sometimes summers.

And as I walked home in the night, it seemed uncanny to realize that the air above me was full of voices and all I had to do was to put up my aerial and listen in—that the old familiar words were echo-

ing this Christmas eve, "Fear not, for I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." At one hour it was Coolidge, at another Weeks, then Denby, and finally Harry Emerson Fosdick. But bit by bit fences and walls of isolation and separation are being broken down. One is not so very crazy to imagine that Christianity eventually will be tried out.

We went to the "movies," one of the four times in my life that I recall, as I detest the bad air of playhouses. I am used to that of churches. We saw "Oliver Twist," by Charles Dickens, a dramatization on the screen of the first work of Dickens which we all read as children. It was high grade moving pictures, melodramatic of course, but useful melodrama in its power to deepen human sympathy. And it sent us back to the book itself, which is even a greater service. Ever since the show, I have been living with Oliver and Bumble the beadle, Fagin, Bill Sikes, poor Nancy, the Brownlows and Rose.

It will be a poverty-stricken race to succeed us if our young people grow up without a knowledge of Dickens. "Simon Called Peter" is a very different performance.

If I had the pen of Dickens, I would like to describe the Christmas dinner itself. I would say: "Such turkey, such stuffing, such cranberry, such plum pudding, can not possibly exist outside of Schoharie County. Such a Christmas tree never grew away from these hills! Such a family was never assembled together before!"

But it does not diminish our joy, it increases it, to realize that there are millions of such Christmas reunions all over our land.

Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. We must spread them throughout the world.

Cookie-Cutters of Thought

Elbert W. Whippen

AS a small boy in my mother's pantry I took childish delight in "making cookies"—that is, in cutting out, with the fancy little cutters which were on her shelves, the dough which mother had prepared. I like to remember how peculiar were some of these shapes—one diamond, one star-like, one little-man shaped. I am sure it was fun to help out the household duties by "making cookies," and I know the cookies tasted better for their funny, weird forms. Life would have been shorn of its fuller blessing if cookie-cutting had not been on the order of child events.

Even in adulthood it is still fun to make cookies. In this case the cookies are of a different sort, and the cutters, too, are different. Now we are interested in intellectual cookies—ideals and ideas of life—and our patterns are cookie-cutters of thought.

The first task of every one of us is to gain some fundamental ideas of life. We call these ideas a man's philosophy. This group of first principles of thought and of action forms the rock on which the daily decisions of man's life may be built. It is the cast in which his thoughts take form. It is the set of cookie-cutters of his every decision.

Our fundamental ideas are the patterns by which judgments in life are made. They are the means, and the only means, by which our ideas are given form. When an event comes to our attention we judge the event by our general attitude toward life. If we believe in "Reds," when any one says a thing contrary to our own convictions, we cut out an intellectual cookie that the obstreperous party is a "Red," and we usually suck this cookie so it will last a long time. If one is a strict "Republican," when a President is elected from this party he cuts a cookie of thought which believes that all man's ills are now to be cured and saves that cookie carefully—unless it happens to get broken as he carries it about.

Other people's patterns are often comical to us. It is really a capital bit of fun to try to draw a pattern of the ideas in the back of people's minds—the fundamental ethical rules—which prompt people to think as they do. They are often more curious and weird than any cookie-cutters I ever saw as a boy. Were I a manual artist I should try to draw some pictures of what such men as Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bryan, and others, have as cookie-cutters of thought. I fear I should need an ever-increasing number for the former English Premier. To me at least all would provide amusement.

Nor can we forget that these basic ways of looking at life—these fundamental concepts of life—are very important. Is it not important not to go through life with the philosophy of a Bryan? For, after all, his disease is due to intellectual stagnation on a relatively simple fundamental principle. It would be equally reprehensible to some of us to be forever cutting intellectual cookies with Machiavellian ideas of domination and power. It would, on the other hand, be a satisfaction to know that we really were basing our lives on the principles of a Christ—if for the life of us we could find out and be convinced just what in detail he was standing for, *i. e.*, using as the pattern of his thought.

The humorous designs of the pattern ideas of men, and the utter importance of their fundamental thoughts on public events, have led to an increasing study of character from that viewpoint. "The Gentleman with a Duster" in England has paraded before the world with delightful genius the characters which dominate the several fields of political life, of fashion, and of religion. In a similar manner a thoughtful American analyst has revealed his judgment regarding the mental make-up of Washingtonian celebrities. This sort of biography is progressive. It unveils the stereotyped thought-patterns of the leaders of our day. It leads the thoughtful to comparative study and to self-analysis.

Moreover, it is interesting to think about the thought patterns in the minds of us "ordinary citizens." The revelations of the recent writings above referred to suggest that the intellectual cookie-cutters of our "great figures" are often ludicrously and sadly fatal. The present unsteadiness of world life may be

due to the inharmonious patterns which these figures have been using in recent years. Their intellectual cookies have had weird holes in them, have often been too brittle, and sometimes have run all over the pan. If our representatives have such poor cookie-cutters of thought, what of us who have put them in places of leadership, and who allow them now to stay?

Altogether, we gradually come to see that a seriousness attaches itself to the funny little matter of cookie-cutters. We realize that the reason men think as they do, and talk as they do, and do as they do, is all because their original or accumulated thought-patterns are such that they must. Cookie-cutters of thought become, then, of fundamental interest.

If Mr. Bryan has the arrogance to insist, in this advanced age, that the two different stories of creation in the Jewish Bible are both true, we must write him down as one whose thought patterns are inadequate. If Mr. Lloyd George insists at one time that "Germany must pay all," and again that she must be let off, we can wonder at his basis of social action in ethics. If a devotee of Christ declares that she will "follow him," and in the next breath refers to a cultured gentleman of India as a "nigger," we must be impressed by the inconsistency of her ethics. Finally, when a nation through its representatives fights for democracy, and immediately declares for non-participation in the reconstruction work, we must feel that the principle is barely skin-deep. It is these inconsistencies in life which are disclosing to-day a general inadequacy of philosophical achievement. In education, in religion, in politics, in community life, fundamental ideals are often ill-formed and inadequate.

Let us rejoice, cookie-cutters have improved in strength and in design in recent years. We even forget this when we eat the well-formed cookies which our best cooks provide.

So also, the progress in ethics, in philosophy, in sociology, in fundamental human thought, has been a real one in modern times. The world moves on. It is therefore necessary for those who wish to hold any worthy claim to leadership to pursue their studies on fundamentals unceasingly.

Into the intellectual world to-day come such valuable studies as Walter Lippman's "Public Opinion," or James Harvey Robinson's "The Mind in the Making," or Dr. Leighton Parks' "The Crisis of the Churches," or Ralph Barton Perry's "Moral Economy." The study of fundamental human and social problems is a hopeful sign to-day. The scientific mind approaches its task in a fundamental manner.

Those who are concerned about life may do well to profit from the zeal of conscientious and thorough laborers. Few studies of science are "popular." Few sell so as to give the writer any large compensation. Yet popularity has never been a measure of true value. And it may well be that in some unread book lies a secret too profound for man's present ken.

It may be insisted that training in fundamentals be carried on in maturity. The foundation theories of ethics and of manners gained in the last century were not adequate to avert disaster. Without placing responsibility, I submit the judgment of experience. Men and women who are still cutting intellectual cookies with cutters made before the World War may well seek new ones. Even clergymen who would be prophets of a profitable future need some junking of worn out tools and shibboleths. We can not too rigidly insist on the formation of more adequate fundamental ideals and of more beautiful ideals.

The progress of the future—if it be forward—will be patterned out of the best thoughts of to-day. Young people, statesmen, prophets, educators, citizens of life, may do well to concern themselves unceasingly with the grave duty of fitting their minds for the tasks at hand. Perhaps one way to do this is to add to the knowledge of ancient and medieval thought, and of current events, a reading acquaintance with the best literature and fundamental thought of our own day.

Preaching as a Fine Art*

HOW many clergymen can read "Preaching as a Fine Art," by Roland Cotton Smith, Rector Emeritus of St. John's Episcopal Church, Washington, and understand it?

Over how many will it go without effect?

Answers to these questions will determine how many preachers we have.

The words are simple, the thought is clear, the book is interesting—pure gold Tertius van Dyke calls it in *Christian Work*—but it is "different," and it calls for something actually lived in our own experience in order to be comprehended.

For example: "The responsibility of a preacher rests not in the giving of a truth but in the other man's reception of the truth." That makes me think of an illuminated sign on a church between the State House and the North Station, Boston—"The Prophet's Responsibility and Your Responsibility," and some scripture to the effect that after the prophet or preacher has declared it, it's up to you, "O wicked man," to go to Hades or not, as you choose.

Dr. Smith says that our responsibility as preachers is not ended with careful preparation of a sermon, or able delivery. We have not understood preaching as a fine art until we *get the result.* We must communicate the truth. We must touch the life.

"A preacher can not say—here is the seed of the truth of the spirit, and I sow it broadcast among thorns and on stony ground and now and then on good soil and my responsibility ends there. That is just where his responsibility as an artist begins. His work and his art are with the stony ground, to do away with the stones; to rid the soil of the thorns; to create good soil.

"I ask you in this connection to read the poem, Sir Galahad, by Edgar Lee Masters, which is much too long to quote, and to read all of him if you wish to be a preacher.

* "Preaching as a Fine Art," by Roland Cotton Smith, D. D., Rector Emeritus of St. John's Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C. One volume, 46 pages. The Macmillan Co. 75 cents.

"'He had studied
The properties of soils and fertilizers,
And when he heard the field had failed to raise
Potatoes, beans and wheat, he simply said:
There are other things to raise; the question is
Whether the soil is suited to the things
He tried to raise, or whether it needs building.
. . . The field is his, he said,
Who can make something grow.
And so this field
Of waving wheat along which we were driving
Was just the very field the scare-crow man
Had failed to master.' "

The preacher who delivers a fine sermon and finds fault with the soil of the human heart for the rejection of its truth is a scarecrow man, and has failed miserably in his art. "The field is his, who can make something grow."

Some of our own preachers hold that their first duty is to their study and that they must get ready. Others say that they get their best sermons out while busy with parish work.

Dr. Smith tells the boys in the seminary to go out to their own Hyde Park, mingle with the crowd, get hurt, "get mad," get the sense of human need and the need of a single concrete man, and then go up into the pulpit and try to reach that need.

"I am not saying," he goes on, "that every minister who leaves his closet and mingles with the crowd is a preacher; he must be a preacher and an artist before he goes into the crowd with a definite idea of what he is going to do, namely, to bring out the image in this stubborn material."

That is the object of preaching—only indirectly to make a man good—it is to make a man see, "see God, see spiritual things."

"The image of God," says Dr. Smith, in beginning, "is the preacher's vision, the nature of man is the preacher's material, the sermon is the preacher's tool, and the spirit of God within him, co-operating with his spirit, is the preacher's creative power."

To be a preacher, according to Dr. Smith, you have to start with an "overpowering conviction that every man born into this world is stamped with the divine image." Dr. Smith won't let us stop there, where too many so-called liberals do stop. The artist preacher knows so well what that divine image is that he can see it in every man. And that isn't all—he sees it in these others because he has found it in himself. No theory, no idea about it, is enough, whatever God is he finds in himself and therefore finds in every man.

"No matter how low down a man may be, no matter how encrusting and resisting may be the material, somewhere down in the dark of his nature is the image of God. . . . The artist preacher approaches an individual not primarily because he is bad but because fundamentally he is good."

And very simply and beautifully he develops the idea that the preacher does not bring faith to the nature of the so-called bad man; "he finds faith there and builds upon it." He does not bring "the capacity for prayer;" he finds a praying man, "for every man prays." And as " his words are to be freighted with spiritual values, the artist must be spiritual." You must of course practise what you preach. You must prepare by a godly life. But the inexorable thing is "you have to preach what you practise."

Dr. Smith makes us question some of our theories about great preachers. If preaching is making men, not sentences, lives, not sermons, who can tell the great preachers? The results of the work walk away in the crowd. But it is by that kind of a result we are tested as preachers.

The one central truth he is trying to "put over," missed by half the reviewers, is that theological schools are working at the wrong end. They are all busy helping men make sermons. They ought to be creating great, strong, rich, powerful personalities, true lives, godly men. One can trust to the sermon taking care of itself, or rather, to men grabbing hold of an effective tool, if you only will send out men who see the objective and are themselves full of God.

Much of the second lecture—there are only two and they take only forty-six pages—is on "The Artist's Tools." Here again everything is held up to one test—"Does it produce life?"

Nothing in the book is more beautiful than his portrayal of Jesus as the great preacher. Jesus turned men around, just as he turned John, and started them communicating to others the thing they themselves needed the most, and lo, it came to them.

"A man does not receive mercy and then go forth to give it. He does not receive it until he gives it. A man comes to a preacher and faces him, asking for God's forgiveness, and the preacher can not give him forgiveness until, becoming an artist, he turns him around and makes that man a forgiver, and then, and only then, does that man's image know itself to be made in the image of God."

A six-page introduction by Gerald Stanley Lee, sometime Congregational preacher and in more recent years author and lecturer, is an appreciation of the privilege of crowding Sunday after Sunday into old St. John's in Washington and hearing Dr. Smith preach himself. Nothing could be finer than his tribute to Dr. Smith.

One appreciates the beautiful and inspiring little book even more when he delves into the record of Roland Cotton Smith as a man and finds there the story of a singularly pure-minded, honorable, lovable gentleman, with a progressive view and the courage of his convictions.

When the pastor of our Universalist church in Washington went to Europe for war work in 1915, Dr. Smith took his pulpit as a labor of love the Sunday after his departure, and organized a series of supplies from some of the oldest and most conservative churches of Washington as a little contribution toward the war work of the man they helped set free for it.

When the pastor of our Washington church was under fire by the United States Senate, which was investigating his work as president of the Board of Education, Dr. Smith courageously and vigorously took up the cudgels in his defense.

When his health became impaired and he resigned from historic old St. John's in Washington the trustees gave him leave of absence for a year, insisting that he come back if he could.

Within the past three months Dr. Smith was elected president of the Modern Churchmen's Union,

an organization which is bringing together the modernists in the Episcopal Church.

"Preaching as a Fine Art" is well worth reading for itself, and doubly worth reading because it is backed up by the authority of a man who is a real preacher.

Miss Kirk Greets Us

Annual Letter from Our Sunday School Missionary in Japan

Dear American Sunday School Friends:

Four years ago to-day, with hope beating high in my heart and an earnest prayer on my lips that God would use me for His work in this new land, I fared forth from our beloved United States on an adventure for the Master. Now, four years later, I look back across the years and try to see what these years have wrought and whether or not it has been worth while. The last is easily answered. Emphatically yes, it has indeed been worth while. No matter what doubts you may have at times in regard to the fitness of your missionaries, or the wisdom of their policies or the results of their efforts, never doubt the need and the benefit of our work on the foreign field. We make mistakes, for we are but human, we can not always do all the things we would like for lack of funds or equipment or lack of workers, but the work itself grows in compass and opportunity all the while, and our smallest effort is worth while, even if not always appreciated.

Ever since I came to this pleasant land my chief interest has been in the children, and the longer I stay the more convinced I am that our great opportunity lies with them. We will not wish to center all our efforts on them, of course, but I believe that through our work with them we shall accomplish most for the Christianization of the country. I believe the influence we wield upon the lives of the little children, the efforts we put into making them eager to grow up into strong, noble, capable men and women, loving the right, hating injustice and tyranny of every sort, filled with a desire to serve their fellows and to make a worthwhile contribution to the progress of their country, is as good work as we can do.

Through the kindergarten and the Sunday school then, may we expect to touch the lives of those who are some day to be the leaders of this great empire. Kindergarten work has made wonderful strides in Japan since it began some forty-five years ago or thereabouts. There were non-Christian kindergartens ten years before the first Christian kindergarten was started in 1885, and the ball was some time in getting started on its rolling career, but in the past few years there has been remarkable progress and to-day throughout the empire there are 622 kindergartens, of which 243 are definitely Christian. Some of the best workers in our churches to-day are those men and women who, as little kindergarten seekers after knowledge, learned to know and to love the great All-Father and His Son, the friend of little children.

It is an inspiring sight to go into our kindergartens at the noon hour when the little lunch boxes of aluminum are taken out of their gay netted coverings, and to see the reverent bowing of little black heads in thankfulness for the daily food. Sometimes it makes difficulties in the home, where there is no such thought or care, for the little child who learns to say a simple grace at kindergarten usually wants to say it in his own home too. But even when father or mother deride the practise or even forbid the child to say any such thing at home, the silent influence of this simple ceremony day after day, and the quiet prayer at the beginning of the session, is stronger than we sometimes dream, and in later life the seed thus sown often blossoms into flower. There is some more freedom in the Sunday school and more opportunity for definite instruction along religious lines, and both kindergarten and Sunday school reveal themselves as our great vantage-ground for seed-sowing.

I thoroughly agree with the man who said that "the saving and the education of children is the most effective form of missionary work." We know that in America the Sunday school is becoming of increasing importance. Each of us owes something to some consecrated Sunday school teacher who at a critical time in life helped to lay strong and enduring foundations of righteousness and morality. Here again the personal influence is the all-important factor. And if this is vital in America it is even more so in the foreign land, where the leaders of Christianity have to be "grown," in large part. Not from among the adult converts do we get our best helpers, except in very rare cases, but from among those whom we touched in childhood, and who in their later years repaid their debt of gratitude by service to their fellow men.

There are heartening signs along the way, although progress has been somewhat slow. But when you realize the short time since Japan came from out her seclusion of centuries, when you remember that the first Protestant missionaries came to Japan in 1859, and that as late as 1872 there were signboards on all the prominent roads in Japan proclaiming death to every one accepting the Christian faith, when you realize that the first New Testament in Japanese was not published until 1880, and that not until 1889 was religious liberty given to the people, you do not feel surprised that so little has been accomplished, but rather you marvel that so much has been done in so short a time and under such difficulties. Only ten converts were baptized from 1859 to 1872 in the whole empire, now there are 350,000 active members and a million or more who are interested in Christianity. Twenty-two members of Parliament are Christians and of the six men who were closest to the Prince Regent on his trip around the world three of them were Christians.

And although our own particular branch of this work has not made very large advance toward self-support as a whole there has been considerable progress in this direction. I think all the native Congregational and Presbyterian churches are self-supporting, and the Methodist churches raise about two-thirds of their own maintenance. There are 358 congregations in Japan that are self-supporting and 466 that are

partly so. The missionaries work toward the end of complete self-support of the churches. Just as soon as possible they wish to turn the work over to the native churches. The business of foreign missions is similar to that indicated by the words of a French king to the tutor he engaged for his children: "Make yourself useless as soon as possible." We want to make ourselves useless as soon as possible by building up a self-controlled and self-supporting church.

Our numbers being very small, for a long time we will have to have the help of you folks in the Homeland. I rejoice to see so many more people interested in this work, which is your work, and I rejoice especially at the increase of interest on the part of the children. "A religion that costs nothing does nothing." It is not through the large gifts of a few but through the small gifts of the many that our work is carried on. You know the roar of a waterfall is produced almost entirely by the bursting of millions of air-bubbles. So our work will be most efficient because of the co-operation of the many rather than by the consecration of the few. If you want the work to succeed you must make it succeed. "Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure pressed down and running over."

Missionary work in Japan is worth all that it costs, and there is great need for increased effort. Help us to make this coming year the very best year in our history.

Hazel I. Kirk.

Shizuoka, Japan, Nov. 8, 1922.

Education the Handmaiden of Religion

Earle Edward Eubank

Head of the Department of Social Science University of Cincinnati

THE controversy in regard to the theory of evolution, which of late months has been so actively revived, reminds us that the conflict between science and a certain type of religion is one of long standing. The Church of the Middle Ages compelled Galileo to withdraw his theories as to the organization of the solar system, and persecuted as heretics those who endeavored to discover the methods by which the Creator moves through His universe. Even in this day which we designate with some pride as a scientific age, there are many established strongholds of the Church in which any teaching which fails to coincide with medieval theology is regarded as a satanic creation and tool. "Religion or Science," "Creation or Evolution," "Bible or Laboratory," "God or Gorilla"—thus the critics phrase the question, with the definite implication that if it is the one it can not be the other, that these are alternatives with an impassable chasm between.

More broadly applied, this conflict is one between religion and education in general. Extremists there are who regard the two as essentially in contradiction, believing that all higher education tends to an undermining of religious faith. A century ago one might have found the itinerant evangelist who made no preparation of his sermons, boasting that it was enough to open his mouth after he had entered the pulpit, and let the Lord fill it then. His posterity to-day does not reach quite that extreme, but those are found who declare that the general tendency of modern colleges and universities is atheistic, and that most institutions of higher learning are factories of agnostics.

Happily the fear that education is, *per se*, a dangerous something which must by its very nature alienate students from things religious, is on the decline. A part of the changing attitude is due to a changing conception of religion itself. We are ceasing to think of it as in a category apart from other interests of life. The line once drawn so rigidly between things sacred and things secular is being erased. We are beginning to realize with Jesus the essential righteousness of pulling an ox out of the pit even though it be on the Sabbath day, and the essential unrighteousness of the priest, probably on his way to a church service, who "passed by on the other side." The change is also due in large measure to the growing realization that religious faith is worthless if not intelligent, and that it must look to education to give it a rational content.

To understand the vital need which Christianity has for education we must consider its functions. These are three-fold: first, to reveal God to man; second, to teach men how to live with their fellows in a righteous way; third, to bring in a new and ideal social order, which will afford to all men everywhere the maximum opportunity for the development and enrichment of life. Let these be considered in turn:

1. Christianity Seeks to Reveal God to Man

It is upon Natural Science that the anathemas of non-scientific religion have been most vigorously hurled. Yet, who can be expected to have as intelligent a conception of God as the natural scientist who by intimate knowledge of the various phases of the universe comes to discover something of the character of its Director? The scholar who is competent to observe critically the Creator's handiwork has a tangible basis for a conception of Him as *literally* omnipotent and infinite. Just as the chemist by an examination of the spectrum of an inconceivably distant star can tell something of its nature and composition, so the great world of Nature is to the scientist a sort of spectrum of God which in itself tells more of His nature than can possibly be imagined by the uneducated, though impassioned, religionist who must draw primarily upon his imagination and emotions.

2. Christianity Seeks to Establish Right Human Relations

To say that true religion can not in practical life be divorced from ethics is to restate a commonplace. *Righteousness* was an ever recurring theme in the teachings of the Master. Right living with him was inseparable from right thinking toward God; and the Second Commandment with its wealth of implication as to social conduct was made of equal importance with the First. But righteous conduct requires something more than good intentions as a guide. In a world of confusion it is not easy to know what is the "right" thing to do. We need a basis of knowledge upon which we can form a discriminating ethical

judgment. We must depend upon education for the materials for such a foundation.

For example, we are dependent upon a knowledge of economics to assist in reaching conclusions as to what is moral within the realm of industrial life. The question of making a living is of vital consequence to all of us. The quality of the intellect, the trend of the character, the outlook upon life, and religion itself, are largely determined by the way one makes his living, and by how much and what kind of a living he makes. What is a "fair" wage? Or is the wage system in itself immoral? Is socialism ethical or unethical in essence? What are the religious implications of communism? Is it inconsistent with Christianity for men to strike, to picket, to use forceful persuasion upon scab labor? Have employers the right, from the Christian point of view, to compel an open shop policy? Is it un-Christian to hold private property? All the highly intricate moral problems involved in modern industry require a knowledge of fundamental economics for their settlement. A right decision upon questions of the relation between labor and capital can not be reached by most men unless they are quite clear as to the laws of value and distribution. Says the Bishop of Oxford: "Much that we are accustomed to hear called legitimate insistence upon the rights of property, the Old Testament would call the robbery of God and the grinding of the faces of the poor."

To illustrate once more, this time from the field of government and politics: The way in which nations govern and are governed is a matter for religious judgment. Is extreme pacifism a sin in time of national peril? Is the question of America's relation to the League of Nations merely one of policy, or does it involve a moral issue? If the latter, what should the judgment be? Does the Monroe Doctrine rest upon a defensible basis of ethics? Is Russia's present government morally established? And does our nation's refusal to recognize it grow out of moral considerations? What constitutes an obligation to enter into or to remain out of the murderous confusion in the Near East? Can the question of the revision of the Treaty of Versailles be determined upon ethical grounds? Questions such as these are unanswerable without the data which Political Science may give.

Rauschenbusch and Small and Faunce are right when they insist that the Church, as such, is not yet competent to pass authoritatively upon such questions. No amount of sincere desire to do the will of God, however religiously fervid, can enable us to dispense with the light of scientific knowledge. And these men are equally right in their insistence that the Church must become competent to raise an authoritative voice in world affairs.

3. Christianity Seeks to Establish a New Social Order

Modern Christianity is coming to recognize, albeit somewhat slowly, that its task of bringing in the Kingdom must be expressed in terms of establishing upon the earth a new, a *Christian*, social order. A righteous code of individual conduct, faithfully followed, is not enough. Human society must itself be reconstructed upon a basis which will admit of the maximum development of every human personality. Proposals are plentiful as to the form which an "ideal" society shall take. From the Republic of Plato down to the oysterless and porkless perfection of the Zion City of Dowie and Voliva men have dreamed of Utopia, and have sought to construct ideal communities. The Soviets of Russia, the Marxians of Central Europe, the Guild Socialists and the Co-operatives of England—these are only a few of the many sources of suggestion as to the structure of a reorganized society. Christianity is not concerned with the *form* of society so must as with the *spirit*, but it can not be wholly indifferent to the matter of structure, since it is only through a structure that a spirit can be expressed.

So huge and difficult an undertaking will tax to the utmost the resources of every department of education which deals with man. First, zoology, for "man is first of all an animal," and much of his biological nature parallels that of the lower animals. Moreover, man is an animal which *thinks*. Therefore, we must draw upon psychology to analyze and interpret his mental processes, for they determine his behavior. Further, man, to an extent unknown in the lower forms of life, is a *co-operative* animal. History, which is a record of his co-operative undertakings, must therefore bear a huge responsibility in the task of reconstruction. Economics and political science, again, must be understood as phases of his co-operative life, whereas language, literature and the arts reveal him still further upon the cultural side. And sociology, drawing upon all the others for material, correlates them into a science of human society Not one of these can be dispensed with by a religion which conceives of its task in terms of social transformation.

The scientific scholarship of the ages has been responsible for the discovery and organization of truth; and to the schools of the world is entrusted the special and sacred task of making truth a common heritage. By so doing they become, not the enemies, but the closest allies of true religion. Between the two there can be no fundamental difference. The close relation between them is so generally acknowledged *in the abstract* that it seems trite and commonplace even to call attention to the connection. Yet the practical recognition of the connection is sadly lacking in much of what professes to be religious "education. " Seminaries still exist which have no provision for instruction in the field of Applied Christianity. An examination of the curricula of many schools of religious training reveals that they do not regard psychology, economics, history, sociology, and related subjects as essential to preparation for Christian service. There are still teachers of "religion" who fail to enrich their instruction with the materials which the great departments of human knowledge have long since made available.

Religion is, or should be, universal in its applications. It is not a thing apart from the rest of the world; it has its roots in every area of human experience. To understand it, to possess it in fulness, it must be expanded till it shall be coterminous with life itself. When this shall finally come to pass all teachers of the truth, from whatever realm of knowledge, will be in essence religious teachers; and the teacher of "religion," as such, will take his place with the pterodactyl in the silence of museums.

Modern Church Work and Workers

Charles E. Petty

I have fought the good fight. I have kept the faith. 2 Tim. 4 : 7.

WHATEVER else Paul may not have been he certainly was not a bread and water Christian. He may have had it in for the women but he was dynamic. He did not beat the air, nor run around in circles. He fought with wild beasts and braved the perils of hostility. And not simply for what there was in it for him. He had nerve. Hats off to old warrior Paul!

All is not well with us. "The time is out of joint, and cursed be the spite that ever I was born to set it right" may be the wail of a host of indifferent folks about us. But that is just the reason why you should throw off your coat and get into the struggle. That is your challenge. That is a man's job. Harnessing the power of Niagara is no more an achievement than directing the thinking of the nation. Pulling the thunder-bolt out of its abysses and setting it to redeeming the world from poverty and crime is a mighty task, but no more colossal than training the reckless spirit of immature manhood to serve the cause of Universal Brotherhood. More has been done within fifty years of scientific conquest of the world than was done within fifty centuries prior. We are living in a new world, stranger by far than that in which the band of Pilgrims lived. Have we an adequate religion for our world?

The rising tide of discontent has one clear call to men of a vision sufficiently trained to peer into the undertow of civilization. The demand is everywhere made for Universal Brotherhood. Has that become the ideal of statesmen? Is that what the captains of industry hope to realize? Do Chambers of Commerce go forth to put that across? Was Lloyd George using such an ideal in his Near Eastern program? Was Poincare? Was anybody? Are there any statesmen with a world vision? Has the United States any such vision? Is there any considerable number of the ministry that have the bacillus? Is there a moral dynamic going up and down taking captive communities and churches for the coming of God's Kingdom? If not, why not? Are we any less resourceful than the people that felled the forests and opened up our continent to civilization?

We have rewritten our science, our psychology, our medicine, our pedagogy, our ethics, more or less, but we are still living in matters of religion and morality as thought the world had stood still since the gas engine was perfected. The Sherman Law may have more teeth to-day than it had in the nineties, but it is about as much behind the times as the average court is behind its docket. International dealings are just where Talleyrand found them. We pretend that we are democratic and probably are honest; but we are also out for all there is in it for us, and how can democracy win? These things ought not so to be. Because nothing happens without an adequate cause it is as clear as the noon day sun that somebody must change the temperature of religious and moral endeavor. We need enthusiasm. That is the breath of God in politics and industrial dealings. Religion must get a new content and men must be once more under the spell of religion.

What is the real content of religion? What is religion any way? The life of God in the souls of men will suffice for a definition. Are there any merchants opening their stores to induce the life of justice and brotherhood in their fellow men? Are there any coal mines operated to make men free and resourceful in all matters moral? Is it the rule to do business to bring the Kingdom of God among men? That is what I mean by saying we must have a few affirmations of Christianity. It must mean vastly more to us than it has meant. It must have a dynamic, a punch, or a kick. It is now insipid. Men ignore it. They do not fight it; they just pay no attention to it. And the chances are that when they do attend church some such hymn as this will be sprung on them:

"From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes;
There is a safe, a sure retreat.
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat."

Life is not a retreat. It is a charge. Safety first may be good for dreamers on the railways or for indecision on cross walks in our congested streets, but it was never intended for the risks of real living. So then if we are to get up some enthusiasm we must have some challenging faith to carry us through. I have intimated that we are falling down in our application of the principles of Christianity to our industrial, our political and international relationships. We may even know enough to know what ought to be done. But certainly no considerable body of men have taken it upon themselves to put Universal Brotherhood into our complex social life. The enthusiasm for that task does not exist. People must feel the flood tide of the spirit to carry them forward with enthusiasm. We must begin with God. We must get a new hold on God. God must get a new hold on us. Isaiah had a hold on God. Paul was used by Isaiah's God.

How get acquainted with God? Let us see what God hath wrought. Let us see how God works in the realm of science. Both the infinitely small and the infinitely great are arresting. Let us think the thought of God as that thought is revealed in science. God has run away from us. Our notions of God are back numbers. We shall have to have a whole new set of ideas of the glory and wonder of God's great world as these are revealed in the realm of science. Our habits of thinking are flabby. Toughness of fiber is not found in the foreconscious stream of life. And the subconscious portion is full of bats and owls, with some snakes and vipers that sting and hiss. Our scientists are not exactly pietists, but they are prophets of the truth; not Sunday school teachers but teachers of sacred reality; not saints as canonized in the calendar but seers for God.

The stellar spaces which once seemed so cozy are now so limitless that we have lost power to comprehend them. Suns 10,000 times as brilliant as our sun have

been discovered. Ours is only a smoky flickering tallow-dip in comparison. What a conception of the universe. And what a God He must be who can run that universe! A tireless Energizer vastly more stupendous than we can conceive. And yet withal a great Democrat. He certainly can have no time for jealousy and vindictiveness, no time for frivolity and fussiness.

The philosophy that is wrought into the vital opinion of a people is their nemesis or salvation. What will our philosophy do to us and all mankind? Do we know our philosophy, the creed of the *hoi polloi?* Jefferson had vision enough to say that when he considered that God is just he trembled for the future of his country. Is any American saying that to-day?

We may not like it but we have to face our aches and pains. They are our best friends. They warn us of danger. Now we know by symptoms that we have a fever—egoitis perhaps. And it has become so pronounced that an Englishman has written a book about it and calls it by the challenging title, "Americanism: a World Menace!" We shall be interested to feel our own pulse now. Maybe we shall take a new interest in our philosophy and how it has come upon us. But we need not wait to know the cure. It is Universal Brotherhood. That is the panacea for all social ills: yes, more than a panacea, it is the cure-all of our social maladies.

Let us get a grip on that cure-all. Let us take it to Japan so that Japan will think of healing national pride along the lines indicated. Let us take it to Europe as a remedy for hate and suspicion. Let us build the church in Washington so that this cure may get seen of men everywhere. And especially let us use good sense and look ahead into the future. We want to get Universal Brotherhood adopted. Let us be done with the jetsam and flotsam of philosophical philandering and hold our minds to the unadulterated elixir of life—the Universal Fatherhood of God made real among men.

Vest Pocket Lay Sermons

VIII A Clean Slate

Agricola

EVERY fifty years the early Jews started out with a *tabula rasa,* a clean slate. It was called the Year of Jubilee. All debts were canceled. Lands that had been sold were restored to their former owners. "Every man went into his own possession." Books were balanced, scores were evened up, and the whole nation started life anew.

We can not quite match the ancient story, which is an impressive lesson in sociology and economics. We can however imitate it in some respects. President McKinley once wisely remarked that it never pays to keep books in politics. The same may be said of most of the personal relations of life. We should not lay up grudges, cherish spite or feed revenge.

Life is too short and our brothers have too many bitter experiences without our adding to them. Whatever provocations we may have we should hesitate to increase their pain.

The New Year is a good time to start a new system of moral bookkeeping. Grudges have been melted by the Christmas spirit, and the best there is in us distilled in its magic chemistry. If we could only prolong this state of things throughout the year we should be morally richer and our brothers happier. As we round the turn of a new year we should banish every hate, destroy jealousy, kill rancor, bury bitterness, and put aside every evil thought. It is a good time to begin with a clean slate.

How could one start the new year better than by inaugurating for himself a moral Year of Jubilee? Why not wipe out all scores between yourself and your fellows, and let brotherliness begin its genial reign? The result will be magical. One who looks for goodness and beauty will see it on every side. He who forgives will find himself forgiven. A clean slate on each New Year's day would bring more peace and happiness to the world than a thousand lectures or a million battleships.

Our Missionary Policy

F. B. Bishop, Southern Superintendent

SOME time ago our Board of Foreign Missions issued a circular letter commending "Missionary Education" and "the value of the missionary enterprise." This letter indicates the progress our Church is making toward missionary work. We took a long step forward when we created the Board of Foreign Missions, and gave that Board control over the conduct and development of our foreign missionary work. That which our good sense approved, subsequent results have much more than justified.

But why do we not apply the same good sense to our Home Mission field? I have been at work in the mission field all my ministerial life. For over twenty years I have been at the job of promoting the development of Universalist churches, and the waste of time, energy and money I have witnessed would about build a Ford automobile plant. We have sunk thousands of dollars at the behest of earnest but misguided enthusiasts. We have started missions where no mission should have been. We have doled out appropriations to keep little flickering flames burning where there was little hope of generating enough heat to warm the community. We have scattered our energies until they have all been dissipated. We have seen outpost after outpost crumble to ashes.

These things have largely been due to the fact that we have no definite home missionary policy.

We do not have a missionary people because of our lack of knowledge, definiteness and concentration in our missionary work. I applaud the Women's Missionary Association for the directness of its missionary effort in the home field. It represents the saving grace among us. We are not strong enough, financially or ministerially, to spread ourselves over the whole country. We have heard many glowing speeches concerning the wonderful opportunity of our all-conquering faith to go out and build itself into far-distant communities. And we have gone out, with great zeal, to plant our strategic centers. But subsequent years have disillusioned us. We have been right in our enthusiasm, but wrong in our policy. There is a law of growth which, if adhered to, brings results, but, neglected, brings failure. This law takes no account of mortal wishes or sentiment. I recall a remark made by Mr. William Luden, of Reading, Penn., last season in Miami. Speaking of the development of his tremendous business, in connection with our church extension policy, he said: "When I select a town in which to do business, I concentrate upon that place until my business is thoroughly established there, before I move on to another." It may be that this policy will not always work in church affairs, but the opposite of it never will.

We have lost tremendously through our lack of concentration. We have failed to focus the attention of our people, but the greatest loss has come from the fact that we have not established churches close enough together so that they could help each other, and generate a community power. In other words, you can not establish churches in Portland, Denver, Kansas City and Atlanta, and expect to get the same results you would were these churches near enough to touch one another and develop a community of interests. Neither can our faith be so well advertised, nor ministers so easily secured. Many of our churches have died of nothing but isolation.

Furthermore, we can not expect to get the best results from missionary work in territory where there is no superintendency other than that supplied by the General Superintendent. This is no reflection upon the General Superintendent. It simply means that where there is state or regional superintendency, there is closer contact and more direct personal supervision than can possibly be supplied by the General Superintendent.

Brethren, we ought to have a Home Mission Board. Such a board should have the control and direction of all our home missionary work. It should carefully study the whole field, and thoroughly investigate each proposed mission point. It should make it its business to find out where our best opportunities lie, and limit the scope of our activities. No missionary activity should be undertaken without its sanction and approval. When such approval had been given, it should carry with it the weight of our whole denomination, and commend the mission approved to the financial consideration of every member of our Church. I realize the antagonism such a plan will create amid our peculiarly individualistic tendencies. Nevertheless, I am convinced that through the activities of such a Board, properly directed, we would not have so many ill-advised undertakings, and the missionary work in which we engaged could be adequately financed. We could with much greater rapidity create self-sustaining churches.

I have in mind certain very definite missionary territory where, if our denomination would concentrate upon it, with the men and money I know could be secured, we could in ten years build more mission churches which would become self-sustaining than we have done in our whole history. Perhaps there is other territory where this same thing might be done, but if we had a Home Mission Board we would have some means of finding out where we could work to the best advantage, and we could more effectively appeal to our ministers to enter the missionary field, and our people to contribute thereto.

* * *

THE ONE WAY TO UNITY

Granville Hicks

WHEN Mr. Whippen had finished his pessimistic picture of Europe, you who read his two articles will remember, he turned to the discussion of the Church of the future and envisaged a crusade for a community religious program. When Dr. Adams was writing of co-operation, he stressed the common beliefs and common needs of liberals. Professor McComb of Cambridge Episcopal Theological School, when interviewd by a representative of the *Christian Register*, stated that he believed the Episcopal Church must co-operate with the other Churches. A fellow Episcopalian, Dr. Sterrett, in his book, "Modernism in Religion," shows the community of ideas that exists among the thinking men of every denomination.

Glenn Frank, editor of the *Century*, believes in the power of the Church to achieve a world renaissance, but it is a new Church, a united Church, that he says is necessary. The same idea finds excellent expression in Von Ogden Vogt's "Art and Religion:" "I am definitely hopeful that in some great community there can be formed a company of men, some of them artists, some of them sociologists, some of them laborites, some of them patrons of the arts, some of them priests, and most of them plain people, who will work to establish a great Community Church."

The idea is in many minds. The need is seen to be urgent. We must come together on the broad common ground that already exists, agreeing where it is possible to agree, and where it is not accepting in a spirit of tolerance the right to disagreement. A united Church could serve the world better, could save the world more surely. It would draw into it the hosts of scientists, artists, moralists, and plain people who are now kept away by the confusion of creeds. All the factors for human progress would be part of the Church, whence many of them have been long divorced.

Only a few minor details stand in the way of a united Church, only a few details—and one great fact. That fact is the narrow clinging to selfish denominationalism that is the curse of every religious organization. Few real objections exist as obstacles, but a very real prejudice bars the way. Man is still too parochial, too provincial, to achieve the world mind, either in politics or religion.

We despair of the present generation, but what of the young people now growing up in our churches? They have not the petty denominationalism of their fathers. Can they be prevented from acquiring it? They can if the enlightened men and women of every denomination will teach them that, however glorious the history of the denomination has been, it does not justify its prolonged individual existence. Young people become denominational as they grow older and attach to the many benefits they have received from their church the denominational tag, associating with a limited phase of organized religion the glories of the whole. Under the influence of their elders they learn to accentuate the differences and ignore the great common history and body of doctrine of all Churches.

The moral is obvious, but nevertheless needs to be driven home. Generalities roll readily from the pen, but concrete instances give point to the broadest platitude. The time may come when we, the young people of the Universalist Church, shall be asked to give up the individual identity of the denomination which we love and for which our ancestors fought.

Then will come a struggle. But if we have seen the vision of a united Church, and if, which is more, we are willing to sacrifice for that vision, our answer can be only an "everlasting yea."—*Onward.*

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the New Boy

THE Days of the Week are busy and full, and the Sabbath is a day of labor for me and Keturah; but almost every day we see for a moment the daughter of Keturah and her children, and on the Sabbath, as it groweth toward the going down of the sun, come always unto us the daughter of Keturah, and her husband, and the daughter of the daughter of Keturah, and her little brother, and the baby sister. And I and Keturah have with them a few minutes of great joy.

Now it came to pass that my small grandson sat upon my knee, and told me of that which had happened on that day in the Sabbath School. And he said, Grandpa, there was a New Boy to-day, and the Teacher spake kindly unto him, and said, Thou art very welcome.

And I said, That was a very gracious word for Thy Teacher to say.

And the little lad spake again, and said, Whenever there cometh a New Boy, then doth the Teacher speak thus, and she saith, We are very glad, and hope that thou wilt come again.

And I said, That is praiseworthy, and thy Teacher is right.

Then he considered for a moment, and he said, Grandpa, I have never been New.

Now I understood the little lad perfectly. For he was not jealous, and he did not covet for himself the glory that belongeth unto others, but he felt the Isolation of a Fidelity that hath always been, and therefore is taken for granted.

Now I once knew a man who furnished Flowers for the House of God, and folk said, Well, what of it? Hath he not a Greenhouse? And I knew a woman who played the Organ free for Twenty Years, and no one took thought of the Anniversary. And I thought of many other things in the world where Faithfulness is accepted without Thanks.

For no one thought of commending the little lad whose grandsire was the Ruler of the Synagogue. It seemed unto them no virtue that he should have been ever in his place; albeit, had he gone wrong, then had they said, It is ever so with the sons of the rabbis.

I also have never been New. For when I was Three Weeks old, then did my mother take me unto the House of God, and I have been there very nearly every Sabbath since, and some days beside. And I have spent much of my life extending to New Boys a Welcome that never came to me, and in feeding the Calf that he might be ready to kill for Returning Prodigals.

And I knew just what the little lad meant when he said, I never have been New.

But once in the Year doth God say, Behold, I make all things New. And I rejoice that I and my little Grandson and all mankind may begin life anew in the hope of a Glad New Year.

* * *

A SUGGESTION FOR THE KU KLUX

THE following statement of Ku Klux principles was read by a spokesman of the Klan from a Brooklyn pulpit last Sunday:

> That the best elements in American society should rule.
>
> That the literature of our country must be purified in order that the rising generation may be protected from pollution.
>
> That the public schools of the United States must and shall be guarded against insidious influence.
>
> That chivalry, which is being obliterated, must be re-established . . . that men must spend more time with their wives and wives more time in their homes.
>
> That the American home and American ideals must be preserved and influences tending to undermine them shall be destroyed.

This is an admirable set of principles. It only remains for the Ku Klux to announce that it is an organization composed of American citizens devoted to the practise of such principles in their own lives, and not, as is commonly supposed, an organization for enforcing those principles on non-members.

If Klan members will pledge themselves to vote for the best candidates for office, to abstain from prurient literature, to take an intelligent interest in the public schools, to practise chivalry to women, and to maintain the influence of the home, the public will wish the Klan enrolments by the million. Criticism will obviously be unable to lift its head against an organization of citizens who have taken the resolve to read clean books and spend more time with their wives.—*New York Evening Post.*

* * *

DR. HOLMES ON "THE LEADER"

The Universalist Leader gives us an awful lambasting in a recent issue. Outraged by our attacks on the churches for their quick abandonment of their peace professions in the Near East crisis, especially by our article in the *Nation* on the subject, the *Leader* waxes wroth at our expense, and, as usual in such cases, answers facts and arguments with epithets. With blasting scorn, with withering contempt, with ferocious fury it calls us "Ephraim,

a cake half-baked" (Hosea 7 : 8, King James version, "a cake not turned"). We wonder that the *Leader* did not go farther and tell its readers all the woeful things that are contained in this name of "Ephraim." In the chapter above referred to, we find mention of "the iniquity of Ephraim," his "falsehood," his "wickedness," and the charge that he is an "adulterer," a "silly dove without heart," "a deceitful bow." Then comes the condemnation of the Lord God Jehovah upon Ephraim and his partner in crime, Samaria—"Woe unto them! for they have fled from me; destruction unto them! because they have transgressed against me; though I have redeemed them, yet have they spoken lies against me." So this is what we are! Whew!! But the Editor of the *Leader* is honest, even if he is epithetical. And that's what we like about him! In this very editorial in which he chastises us not with whips merely but with scorpions, he states without a particle of shame, or a vestige of apology, that he was in favor of the last war, and will be in favor of the next war, provided of course that it comes properly disguised as a war for humanity and democracy, which we think the rulers of this world can pretty surely guarantee. All this is straightforward and sincere, and we have nothing but admiration for it. We are glad of this opportunity to repeat that, at bottom, there is really nothing that we hate but hypocrisy—especially hypocrisy of the pious order. We have never seen any reason why a church should not support war if it wants to. We simply object to a church which does this, pretending to believe in peace and thus to be a witness of Jesus Christ!—*Unity*.

* * *

A METHODIST BISHOP IN SOVIET RUSSIA

An informing report on conditions in Russia was made by Bishop John L. Nuelsen of the Methodist Episcopal Church to its Board of Foreign Missions on Nov. 20. After making the introductory observation that a general catastrophe is approaching in Europe unless America finds a way to assist in averting it, the Bishop said: "Now as to Soviet Russia. I have heard again and again the expression, 'When Soviet Russia opens we will be glad to do this, that and the other thing.' Soviet Russia is open . . . Five weeks ago yesterday I preached three times in our Methodist church in Petrograd. . . . I had all of our pastors in Russia together, and every one of these pastors reported that in the town where he is preaching the gospel our chapels are too small to contain the crowds. I inquired of them whether there was any interference on the part of the government. They said to me, 'There is not the slightest interference—we are absolutely at liberty to preach the gospel, and we have more calls than we can answer.' "

The Bishop's account and interpretation of the revolution can not without loss to the reader be condensed or paraphrased: "But how is it possible that there is religious opportunity in Russia? Has not Russia been decidedly hostile to religion? Has it not persecuted the Church, and is it not still persecuting it? During the revolution some terrible atrocities took place, there is no question about that. But then look at the background of the Russian people—these 150,000,000 people—how they have been treated all these centuries. The pendulum was taken high up one side and tied with the cords of the absolutistic *regime* under which Russia has suffered, tied with the persecution of all liberal thought and democratic action, and that pendulum was weighted with the sorrows and sufferings of these millions of people. Nothing was done to alleviate their distress. Neither the Church nor the State did very much to lift up the moral and intellectual level. Every liberal movement was suppressed. If you want to see the terrible conditions, read the Russian authors who picture that situation and its curses. Then that pendulum was weighted down with the curse of those hundreds and thousands of individuals taken out of their families and thrown into dungeons or exiled to other parts of the world, and of the Jews who suffered under the heel of the Orthodox Church. Then came the war, and that war shook the Russian Empire, and out swung the pendulum into space. It swung way out to the other side, and it smashed that absolutistic *regime*. But it also crushed thousands of men, women and children. There is no question about it—the Russian revolution was indescribable with the thirst of blood. But a revolution is never like the painless extraction of a tooth; it is like a tornado, like an earthquake, and thousands of innocent people have perished. Nobody knows how far that pendulum will swing back again, and what the final outcome will be. The whole order of things is still choatic, but some definite results of that revolution have been established, and one of them is that now at least in the principal cities of the republic—in Petrograd, in Vladivostok, in Moscow, and other places—order has been established."

The Bishop is confident that any one who wants to wait until the present Russian Government breaks down will have to wait a long time, and expresses the opinion that "the present government in Russia is as firmly established as any government in Europe." Nevertheless Russia is still in the throes of "three great movements combined—the Renaissance, the Reformation and the Revolutionary Movement."

Bishop Nuelsen was begged by officials of the Greek Church in Russia to secure the sending of fraternal delegates from his own Church and from American Protestantism as represented in the Federal Council of Churches to their Constituent Conference in 1923 in order that the Russian Church might have counsel and guidance in rebuilding its religious organization on a modern social and democratic basis. The governing body of the Russian Church is now circulating the Social Creed of the Churches.—*Bulletin of the Federal Council.*

* * *

MAUDE ROYDEN COMING

Miss A. Maude Royden, who became prominent when she went to City Temple, London, as assistant to the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, D. D., and who visited the United States last spring to attend the National Convention of the Young Woman's Christian Association, is coming to this country in January to lecture.

Miss Royden sailed from England on the Homeric, Jan. 3, and is due to arrive here Jan. 10 or 11, for a tour of more than two months, during which she will lecture nearly every day, and sometimes twice a day. Her itinerary includes seventy-two lectures at twenty-five Y. W. C. A.'s, fourteen women's clubs, thirteen colleges and universities, six general lecture courses, three councils of churches, five sermons, two forums, one Girls' Friendly Society, and a League of Voters. Spending sixty-nine days in America, Miss Royden will travel 9,125 miles—5,281 being covered during fifteen night journeys, the average journey for each lecture being 120 miles.

During Miss Royden's absence the work at the Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, London, will be carried on by her colleague, Dr. Percy Dearmer, and her place in the pulpit Sunday evenings will be taken by Mrs. Phillip Snowden, Miss Margaret Bondfield, Mrs. Pethrick Lawrence, Miss Picton Tuberville, the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, the Rev. G. W. Hudson Shaw and others.

Miss Royden is the daughter of Sir Thomas Royden. She first attracted attention when as editor of the *Common Cause* she ably furthered the non-militant Suffrage movement in England.

* * *

THE POPE DARES TO DO IT

Pope Pius has sent to the Near Eastern Conference at Lausanne a solemn protest concerning the deadly peril in which it is proposed to leave the Armenian and other Christian minorities throughout the Turkish Empire. His Holiness seems to be unaware of the immutable principle that you can not protest against an act of gross inhumanity unless you are prepared to prevent it by force. Is it to be imagined that the Turks will stand in fear of the Swiss Guards at the Vatican? The Holy See is without any temporal power at all. Yet the Pope does not hesitate to make his indignant voice heard at Lausanne and throughout Christendom as confidently as if he had fleets and armies at his command. This strange Pontiff seems to believe that there is still in the world such a thing as moral force. They would tell him his error if he applied to Washington.—*New York Times.*

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

IN AN AGE OF SCIENCE

The little world of olden days is gone,
A thousand universes come to light;
The eyes of science penetrate the night
And bring good tidings of eternal dawn:
There is no night, they find, there is no death,
But life begetting ever fuller life;
They look still deeper, and amid the strife
They note pervading harmony. The breath
Of morning sweeps the wastes of earth,
And we who talked of age become as gods,
Scanning the spheres, discoursing of the birth
Of countless suns. No longer human clods,
We stand alert and speak direct to Him,
Who hides no more behind dumb seraphim.

Thomas Curtis Clark, in Christian Century.

THE INTELLIGENCE TEST

Rose Brooks

ROBERT, last of the five Selby children to come to the supper-table, dropped into his chair with an appreciative sniff. "Hot biscuits and maple syrup—um!" he said. "I'm going to test the intelligence of my family," he went on gaily. "Real question in a real intelligence test. Coming, Mother?" Mrs. Selby smiled at him as she came in with a platter of smoking hot hash. "Wait a minute with your test," she said and turned again to the kitchen. "Now, then," slipping into her seat at the head of the table. "You'll have some hash and creamed potatoes?" she asked Aunt Margaret, who was paying them an infrequent visit.

"Do you know the answer yourself?" demanded Alice, before Robert had time to ask his question.

"Did you guess it yourself—that's what I want to know," said George, suspiciously.

"Well, I didn't guess it very quickly, but I did think it out at last, and got the answer right. Yes, they gave it to us in school."

"These intelligence tests are new-fangled since my day," said Mother, in explanation to Aunt Margaret, whose eyes were thoughtful, but whose tongue was strangely silent. "Once a year a psychology expert visits every grade in every school and gives these intelligence tests to rate the children. So far," she added modestly, "all my children have rated above their ages."

"You didn't say how long it did take you, Bob," put in Betty. "How long did it? You've got to tell us, to see if any of us is more intelligent."

"All right," agreed Robert, laying his watch by his plate. "Now, if you'll all listen—oh, Mother, please wait a minute before you go back to the kitchen for anything. Well, suppose you have two containers—doesn't matter just what kind they are—and one holds seven quarts and one holds four quarts"—

"Seven quarts—four quarts," murmured Alice, forgetting to eat.

"Seven," echoed Aunt Margaret. "Just as many times as Mother has been back and forth to the kitchen since we began supper."

"And you are told to take them to the edge of a lake and measure out five quarts. How would you do it?"

"No measuring lines on them?" asked Marcia, Mother's measuring cups in mind.

"Course not," scoffed Robert. "Easy enough then."

Silence around the cozy supper-table as lips moved in noiseless calculation.

"Don't anybody say an answer out loud," cautioned Robert. "When you think you know, come out in the hall and tell me."

Guess it? Yes, everybody guessed it, in time varying from eight to twenty minutes. Mother and Aunt Margaret included.

"More intelligent than you, Robert Selby!" crowed Alice, the only one whose record of eight minutes was under Robert's ten. "Ho! Beaten by a girl!" and she danced out of the room on thistledown feet to try a piece of new music.

All the children had to be at school at eight o'clock, and early morning was a scramble in the Selby house, despite Mother's steadfast efforts to make it smooth and unhurried.

"Mother, I can't find my dark blue blouse! Mother! Do you know where it is?" It was George, hanging over the upstairs railing.

"Mother! If I drop down my serge dress, will you have time to get that spot off while I dress?" and without waiting for an answer, Marcia dropped the dress and flew back to her room. "Mother," this and "Mother," that, and this morning was but a fair sample of what went on every morning.

At breakfast Aunt Margaret ventured pleasantly, "Do you intelligent children have regular things to do every morning before you fly off—any little chores that might help Mother out?"

"Yes, have you filled the woodbox, Robert?" asked Mother, buttering toast with dispatch as she spoke. "I have baking to do this morning."

"Haven't yet," said Robert, one eye on the clock. "Suppose I can."

"And you know Mrs. Quimby comes to-day to wash," went on Mother, looking at the girls. "Sure all your things are in the hamper? George! Come back! Really you must sweep the front steps mornings before you go. I do wish you children didn't have to be reminded every morning," she added in a voice that sounded weary even at that hour in the morning.

"Five intelligent children," murmured Aunt Margaret, reflectively, as she stood at the front door out of which the gay troop had just flown. "Intelligence test, indeed! Seven quarts and five quarts, indeed!" and inwardly fuming she returned to the dining-room to lend a hand.

"Of course you'll go!" she said to Mother later in the morning. "You haven't seen Mrs. Hart for

years. You've just time to catch the car. Fly up and dress in your best, because I'm going to telephone her this minute to take back your refusal. Nothing on earth will do you so much good as a quiet luncheon in town with her. Trust my intelligence!" she flung back mischievously as she started for the telephone. "No, no excuses. Mrs. Quimby's being here is a help, not a complication." And Mother went.

So it happened that when five hungry Selbys trooped in for luncheon they found Aunt Margaret at the head of the table. "Mother gone?" they chorused, as if a miracle had happened.

"Of course Mother has gone, to keep such a pleasant engagement as that," said Aunt Margaret. "Why shouldn't she go often? That's an intelligence test question," she added. Was her tone as gay as ever, or just a l ttle grim?

Table set, but not a thing to eat in sight. The children slipped into their chairs and looked their surprise as Aunt Margaret continued to sit, unperturbed.

"Everything's ready in the kitchen," she said. "The girls may bring it in, and the boys may clear the table afterwards, and we'll all do the dishes together. Six people can make short work of them."

Luncheon was delicious. Not one of the five Selbys had eaten a better one even when Mother was at her post. "I have some intelligence questions to ask—real ones," said Aunt Margaret, with great interest, when every young Selby had been helped, and instantly every child was alert. "I'll ask them in turn. First question is Robert's, he being the oldest," and Aunt Margaret turned a bright face to her expectant nephew.

"Robert," she began, "how can a stove be kept going all the morning, for baking, for boiling clothes, on five sticks of wood?" Robert's face fell. "Of course Mother wants to economize on wood—what doesn't she economize on? She and I couldn't figure out the answer, and I thought you must know, because five sticks you left, no more."

Silence except for Robert's muttered "I thought I'd be late. I didn't know"—

"Yes, you did know," and no mistake, Aunt Margaret's voice meant business. "I heard your mother tell you. Aren't you supposed to fill the woodbox every morning without reminding?

"Alice next. Alice, when your mother is the busiest woman in the world, which is fairer, for you to remember to gather up your own clothes for the laundry and change your own bed, or to fly off to school with your hair done in the latest fashion, which takes you fifteen good minutes, leaving your mother to discover a basketful of clothes in your room in mid-morning—an hour's setback for Mrs. Quimby? Intelligence test, remember."

"Well," Alice defended herself, "if this house weren't such a turmoil, mornings"—

"A turmoil, mornings!" Aunt Margaret fairly gasped. "Has it ever occurred to your young heads who makes it a turmoil, mornings? Your mother is too sweet-tempered and patient to tell you the answer, though well she knows it, and well I know it. You are supposed to be above your years in intelligence, all of you. Use your intelligence on things outside as well as inside of books, that's what I say," and Aunt Margaret looked unsmilingly at each crestfallen young Selby in turn.

"There's just one more intelligence test I'll put to all of you," she went on presently. "I haven't been here for five years, and never in my life have I seen any woman grow old faster than your own mother has. Small wonder, too. Doing the work of six people instead of one ever since your father died. She can't stand it much longer—I have intelligence enough to see that. Now either she is going away at once, or I am. I can't stand it to stay and see her wear her life out on you five intelligent children who should be lending a hand. But I'll stay six weeks if you'll come to your senses. Leave the persuading to me. I'll see to it she goes, if that's your decision." Aunt Margaret's eyes were bright and her cheeks flushed.

That is how it came about that Mrs. Selby went to the mountains for six long weeks. "Not a meal to get! Not a meal to plan!" Over and over the train wheels clicked out the words to her as mile after mile she sped from home. "But I wonder if Margaret won't be dead at the end of the six weeks? They're dear children, all of them, dear but thoughtless, dear but thoughtless," and the car wheels took up the new refrain.

Far from dead was Aunt Margaret at the end of six weeks. On the first evening of her reign she gathered her charges around the evening lamp. "I'm trying to go at this intelligently," she began. Were the young Selbys a little tired of the word? "I've made out a list of jobs that have to be done in this house every single day, willy-nilly—blow high, blow low. Against six of them I've written my initials—those I'll do and those it wouldn't be too much for your mother to do when she comes home. That leaves four small ones apiece for each of you—see if you can divide them amicably. There's to be no let-up. Day after day they're to be done—no excuses, no remindings. It's not for me, remember. It's for your own home, and for your own mother who is about at the end of her rope. These six weeks we'll have as a training test, and we ought to have intelligence enough to have this household machinery oiled and running without a hitch before Mother sets foot across the threshold again."

Of course Mother wanted to come home long before the six weeks were up, but nobody would let her. Good-hearted those five young Selbys were, and ashamed of themselves, too, once Aunt Margaret had opened their eyes.

When she did come home? Well, Mother couldn't believe her eyes. She often went out to luncheon, why shouldn't she? If she had a headache she stayed in bed for breakfast, why shouldn't she? For a week after her return, Aunt Margaret stayed. At supper, on her last night, Mother, from whom years had rolled, cast her eyes to the ceiling and said solemnly: "Let me see. To think it all began with seven quarts and four quarts—go to the lake and bring home five quarts!" And every one at that gay supper-table burst into shouts of laughter.

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Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Jan. 5-9. Points in Southern California.

Jan. 12-14. Oakland, Cal., and vicinity.

Jan. 14. Evening, Palo Alto, Cal.

Jan. 16. Tacoma, Wsh.

Jan. 21. Tuttle Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

Jan. 28. Morning, Palmer, Mass.

Jan. 28. Evening, Amrad Broadcasting Station (Young People's Day service to be broadcast at 8.30 p. m., Eastern Time).

* *

YOUTH

What jumps! One clutches, as at flying papers in a whirlwind, at a stable moment in which to pin her down and describe her as she jumps. One can't. The thing's too breathless. It's a maelstrom. It's an earthquake. It's a deluge. It's a boiling pot. It's youth. What it must be to live it! One thing pouring on to another so that it's impossible anywhere to pick hold of a bit that isn't changing into something else even as it's examined. That's youth all over. Always and all the time all change. What it must be to live it!

What it must be! Why, when youth comes bursting out of tutelage there's not a stable thing beneath its feet nor above its head a sky that stays the same for two hours together! Every stride's a stepping stone that tilts and throws you; every dawn a sudden midnight even while it breaks, and every night a blinding brilliance even when it's darkest. New faces, new places; new dresses, new dishes; new foes, new friends; new tasks, new triumphs; never a pause, never a platform; every day a year, and every year a day—not life on a firm round world but life in the heart of a whirling avalanche. How can youth live it! And all the time, all the time while poor, dear youth is hurtling through it, there's age, instead of streaming sympathy like oil upon those boiling waters, standing in slippered safety, in buttoned dignity, in obese repose, bawling at trembling youth, "Why can't you settle down! Why can't you settle *down!* Why do you behave like that? Why can't you do as I do? Why can't you be like your wise and sober Uncle Forty? Or like your good and earnest Auntie Fifty? Why can't you behave like your grandmother? Why can't you imitate your noble grandfather? Oh, grrrr-r, why can't you, you impious, unnatural, ill-mannered, irresponsive, exasperating young nuisance, you!" Is it any wonder poor youth bawls back, or feels and behaves like bawling back, "How to goodness can I behave like my infernal uncle or my maddening aunt when I'm whirling along head over heels in the middle of a roaring avalanche?"

Oh, poor youth, that all have lived but none remembers! (*From "This Freedom," by A. S. M. Hutchinson.*)

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SEEING THE PICTURES

In my journeyings it has been my good fortune on two recent Sunday evenings to see and hear two of the lectures furnished by Dr. Henry R. Rose of Newark, N. J.

From the standpoint of the church, they have in these and many other places solved the problem of the Sunday evening service. From that of the people, they furnish not only entertainment but a sermon they can see.

After seeing and hearing "The Sky Pilot" and "Peg o' My Heart," as well as "Smilin' Through" at Detroit a year ago, I am about convinced that the old adage is untrue and that the shortest way to a man's heart is through his eyes.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.

For the Quiet Hour

Obedience is the road to all things. It is the only way to grow able to trust him. Love and faith and obedience are sides of the same prism.

George MacDonald.

Courage is a virtue that the young can not spare; to lose it is to grow old before the time; it is better to make a thousand mistakes and suffer a thousand reverses than to run away from battle.

Henry Van Dyke.

Light itself is a great corrective. A thousand wrongs and abuses that are grown in darkness disappear, like owls and bats, before the light of day.

James A. Garfield.

"Great minds have purposes, others have wishes."

God can do a host of surprising things. He can paint a rainbow at the back of a retreating storm. He can woo a snow-white lily from the black ooze of a muddy pond. But He never can put a quart of water into a pint cup; nor can He make a two karat diamond out of a one karat stone. All His blessings are partnership affairs. We provide the vessel which holds the oil of His gladness. When men complain of the niggardliness of heaven the trouble is plain: they are expecting God to furnish both vessel and oil, which He never does. One day Carlyle and a few friends were discussing Titian's paintings. "There is his wonderful drawing," said one. "And his gorgeous coloring," said another. "And here I sit," growled Carlyle, "a man made in the image of God, who knows nothing about Titian, and cares nothing about Titian, and that is another fact abou Titian." "Pardon," interrupted Thackeray, "but that is not another fact about Titian; it is a most lamentable fact about Carlyle." God can not crowd into an unresponsive mind the joy of beauty, even.

George Clarke Peck.

We would have health, and yet
Still use our bodies ill;
Bafflers of our own prayers from birth to life's last scenes.
We would have inward peace,
Yet will not look within:
We would have misery cease,
Yet will not cease from sin;
We want all pleasant ends, but will not use harsh means.

The sinner judges himself, passes sentence upon himself as being unworthy of the unspeakable gift. Men have always been refusing great benefactions and splendid gifts. A thousand times over they have had no ear for great music, no sense for sublime truth, no eye for divinest beauty, they have turned away contemptuously from immortal philosophers, discoverers, poets and painters, but the greatest refusal of all is to reject the Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of men.

W. L. Watkinson.

What says the grass when shouts the wind
And all the bending spears lie low?
It says, "The Lord of Life is kind!
Tread me, O Wind! but I shall grow."

What says the brook when fretting stones
Its currents cleave and turn aside?
It says, in cheery, silver tones,
"Stones make the music of my tide!"

And I, if grass and water find
God's way and theirs in sweet accord—
Shall I not tune my heart and mind
To the wise purpose of my Lord?

James Buckham.

We might despair if we thought that God came and went, that Christ lived and died and vanished. But no thoughts of fear can ever disturb those who believe that the Incarnation meant a perpetual fact, a gift never recalled, a power that never ceases to work, a promise that is always hastening to its fulfilment.

J. H. Greenhough.

Faith itself, the condition of successful prayer, is not merely passive acceptance, but active self-committal to a choice of life with all its requirements and consequences; it presupposes, and has been preceded by, effort mental and moral. It is of God doubtless, and not of ourselves; but it is so just as a harvest is of God, who has given the life to the seed, but which, none the less, presupposes and exacts man's co-operation in ploughing, seeding and reaping.

A. T. Mahan.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

CONCERNING THE BULLETIN

Some time ago word was sent to every Mission Circle and Clara Barton Guild asking for a corrected list of members and their addresses. This request was made in the interest of the *Bulletin*—the monthly publication of the W. N. M. A.—which should be received by every person whose name appears on the membership roll of a local or state organization.

Many replies have come in and the number of additions and corrections already total over three thousand. This has involved an immense amount of work in the office and with the mailing of the January issue these changes will go into effect. In the interest of conservation only one copy is being sent to a family, even though the name of more than one member at a certain street address appears on our list. In several cases it has been found that duplicate copies have been sent, Mrs. D. E. Jones and Mrs. Sarah Jones being one and the same person. We are striving to overcome all such duplication and waste, but can do so only with the co-operation of every local organization.

Will the secretary of each Circle and Guild from which no word has been received please send the desired information to the office at once? If possible, typewritten lists are preferred. Will all secretaries who have complied with the request please make inquiry at the next meeting to see if each member received the January *Bulletin* and report at once any further corrections necessary? Through the year as new members join or addresses change word should be sent to the office that all may receive copies regularly.

While some Circles have contributed to the *Bulletin* each year, more have not, because formerly the $1.00 dues entitled members to the year's subscription. Now, however, each person is asked to pay 10 cents a year for this in addition to the $1.00 dues. From a small beginning in 1911 the *Bulletin* has grown until, as it approaches its tenth birthday, our women are finding it more and more an indispensable tool in denominational work.

Let our *Bulletin* slogan for 1923 be:

Subscription price 10 cents, paid by member.

Correct address of every member in the W. N. M. A. office files.

* *

DID THIS EVER HAPPEN

In your church? At a recent meeting of a certain Mission Circle in New Hampshire, which it was the privilege of the field secretary to attend, one of the members was presented with a very *special* box and thereby hangs a tale.

When the regular missionary boxes were distributed last fall this particular member, instead of tucking it away and promptly forgetting it as soon as she reached home, folded it into shape and put it in a conspicuous place. Nor was its real purpose forgotten. Day by day and week by week nickels, dimes and coppers found their way into it until by December its sides were fairly bursting.

"Well, my box is full. Now I can forget all about it until the day they are called for next spring," might easily have been her comment. But some way this member was just a little different. She made a complaint—a very unusual one, for it was to the effect that the box was neither large enough nor strong enough to hold the contribution she hoped to make.

The secretary of the Circle, overhearing the remark, took it upon herself to make provision for this emergency. She secured a strong wooden box, painted it, cut a hole in the top and bound it with something which looked very much like the iron tape used for reinforcing packing boxes. Around the sides she painted appropriate quotations on giving.

The box was presented at this particular meeting with due ceremony, and the gratitude of the recipient as the money was being transferred to it was a silent object lesson on the "joy of giving." Would that this member might be duplicated many times in every Circle!

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

SOCIAL SERVICE FOR JANUARY

Each pastor and each superintendent has received a copy of Superintendent Ratcliff's new pamphlet entitled "Charitable, Clean, Careful Citizens through Social Service in the Sunday Schools." The author is especially desirous of having the phase of charity emphasized in January.

* *

STANLEY ONS TO THE WEST

Rev. Stanley Manning has started on a long journey which will include visits to all the parishes on the Pacific Coast. While he is Director of Young People's Work, he is also an interested and active leader in Sunday school life, and at each stopping-place he will hold, as representative of our General Association, a conference on religious education.

* *

AN OPTIMISTIC OUTLOOK

Helen E. Line

In October, innocent and willing to help, I went down to Joliet to the Illinois State Convention and took charge of one of the Sunday School Institute classes. Because of my university work I was obliged to return to Chicago before the end of the convention. In a few days a letter came from Lucy Markley stating, "You have been chosen Illinois State Sunday School Superintendent."

My first official visit was to the Church of the Redeemer, Chicago, on Nov. 5. There I found Chuck Taylor, full of pep as he always is, at the head of things. He said he could see I was there to make him work, and he's been doing things all the time since.

The next Sunday I "visited" St. Paul's on the Midway. There were so many classes that it was all I could do to get around. St. Paul's is exceedingly well organized and efficiently run, but looking always for new and better things.

On Nov. 19 my visit was to Oak Park. Sunday school is after church, but the little folks are present for the first part of the church service. After an appropriate service in which they join, and a talk by Dr. Vallentyne, they march out and have their own class meeting during the remainder of the church hour. The older members of the Sunday school remain for the church service or come later and have regular class work after twelve. I also found there a splendid missionary program. For three or four Sundays Mrs. Vallentyne had been giving before the whole school short talks concerning missions. She summed up the facts previously given and then a written test covering the same was presented in each class.

Elgin was my point of attack on Nov. 26. It snowed and blew, but the little folks turned out unusually well. They are running an Army and Navy contest for membership and attendance which is making all eager and interested. Their enrollment system is good. One must attend three Sundays to become enrolled, is dropped after an absence of three Sundays, and must then repeat the first process to be reinstated. One of the older classes ushers in church each Sunday.

Last week I went to Sycamore. And surely I chose an opportune time. Their opening exercises impressed me because they told me that they are never quite the same two Sundays in succession. I guess I was the main difference this week. They all had their Bibles and read their responses from them. All of the Sunday school remained to church and Mr. Spicer preached a sermon especially appropriate to the occasion. Then at 12.30 the Sunday school served a banquet to their parents and friends. Nearly a hundred partook of the delicious feast. There were some to-the-point toasts centering about co-operation between the church and Sunday school, and a great deal of fun and comradeship.

It's my nature to be optimistic and that is why I have told all of these good things. It's my job to do away with all bad things, and, with the co-operation and spirit of which my experience so far gives promise I see big things ahead for Illinois Sunday schools this year.

Among Our Churches

Iowa Letter

Mt. Pleasant.—We have Rev. Pliny Allen of Galesburg the first Sunday night of each month. Mrs. Galer holds services between his visits. We are well supplied. * * **Webster City.**—Prospects are good for our next State Convention here in June. The Unitarians will meet in Iowa City in October and as our General Convention meets then our state sessions will probably be separate, though both bodies would desire the union of forces when possible. The new pastor, Rev. George Wood, is getting a good start in the work here. We are planning for Good News meetings with Rev. L. R. Robinson in February. Congregations are increasing and Japan quotas received attention. Slides sent from the Sunday School Association awaken new interest and increase the size of the school. Rev. George Wood has been elected ministerial member of the Rotary Club and gave the Elks Memorial address. Three members have been added to the church. The ladies have added $350 to their accounts through Christmas fair and rummage sales. * * **Waterloo.**—Rev. Otto Raspe, pastor, has been re-elected for another year and the church has bought a home of its own—a large house to be remodeled as a church and for a broad community program. The property is on the corner of Irving St. and Independence Ave.—the Jas. Black home, one of the largest and finest in the city. The auditorium for the church will seat 250, being the two upper floors, and the first floor devoted to social welfare, and the basement may be later converted into a gymnasium. The community service to be rendered is the fulfilment of the gospel of Universalism. The church, organized in 1869, has been an active force in all the progress of the city. Under the present pastorate the Sunday school has grown, a Clara Barton Guild and order of Comrades have been organized and missionary work is done by the Ladies' Social Union. May prosperity attend these faithful workers. Dec. 10 three men were received into membership in our church. * * **Osage.**—Good friends everywhere are anxious for the recovery of the health and strength of our beloved state secretary, H. L. Stoughton. Our new pastor, Rev. E. A. Lewis, is making progress in his new field here. The *Leader* subscription list has grown and there are other manifestations of new life. * * **Mitchellville.**—We had generous Japan offerings and union Thanksgiving services. The ladies cleared over $75 by serving "eats" for the Farmers' Institute. The pastor officiated recently at the wedding of Barnard Mason, one of our young men, and at the funeral of James Dailey. Our school observed Christmas Sunday eve by the use of "Seven Symbols of Christmas," taking an offering for the starving in the Near East. Annual meeting of the church, Jan. 8.

O. G. Colegrove.

Mid-West Letter

Hutchinson, Kansas.—The Superintendent of the Mid-West District "invaded" the city of Hutchinson in November and assaulted the forces of Orthodoxy in real militant fashion. This is not in the "official" territory of the writer, but within that under the direction of our beloved James Houghton of Junction City, Kansas. Brother Houghton is the Southwestern Superintendent, and he insisted that I should hold meetings in Hutchinson. We had a very delightful as well as fruitful series of evangelistic meetings. A dozen new members were received as a result of the meetings. * * **Augusta, Wis.**—Another visit to this little city revealed the fact that there is a real opportunity for a reorganization and a revival of our church here. We have some very delightful members and friends in Augusta. Mr. C. W. Warner, the mayor, and also editor of the *Augusta Herald*, is moderator of the church, and is doing much to assist the work. He has requested that I furnish a typewritten copy of my sermon on "The Fundamental Differences between Universalism and Other Christian Doctrines," that he may print it and broadcast it in his community. This I have promised to do. * * **Sharpsburg, Ill.**—This small country church is active. We gave them services Dec. 3 and 4. Rev. Curt Conner, of Litchfield, was requested to preach there once each month during January, February and March. He has promised to do so. We have some very loyal and active members in the Sharpsburg church. The writer was royally entertained in the home of Mrs. Sharp, who has always been active in the support of this church, and now that age prevents her from active work, she is well represented by her daughters, Misses Emma and Pearl. * * **Litchfield, Ill.**—Rev. Curt Conner is located here. Curt is getting a strong hold upon the people here. He goes to school and holds the pastorate of the Litchfield church. A loyal company supports this boy preacher, and some good women, like real mothers, help and encourage him. Without the good advice and help of a mother, who has long been dead, this splendid boy-preacher is accomplishing some worth-while things. Curt has my confidence in his future success, and my earnest prayers for his courage in a somewhat difficult field. * * **Girard, Ill.**—For years this parish has been dormant. We have a church in good repair, and two parsonages here. Only two or three families are left. I hope that before long we shall be able to put this church on the active list. I am of the opinion we could hold a revival there and get the church stirred sufficiently for a real "come back." * * **Casey, Ill.**—On Sunday, Dec. 10, I preached in the Presbyterian church here. We have a small church about three miles out in the country, but the roads were too bad, so that arrangements were made for our services in the Presbyterian church in town. There are good prospects here for a church and we hope before long to visit them again, and make plans for regular services in the future. * * **Sangamon Station Church.**—This is a very small church and organization about five miles out of Decatur, Ill., on the electric railroad. The church has been closed for years. There is no organization of much consequence, but a building that is substantial, and some few scattered members around. With special care and pastoral visitation a church could be reorganized and maintained. We shall undertake this in the spring when roads are good. * * **Avon, Ill.**—Rev. William Gaskin is pastor here. We had a special series of meetings Dec. 17-20. This is one of the well-to-do churches of Central Western Illinois. We have a beautiful church, and a good parsonage. Mr. Gaskin has a magnificent library, and is a student. With so many fine books, he surely must be tempted to read and gain knowledge, even at the risk of neglect of other pastoral duties—a temptation almost too great for any minister to overcome. However, we do not expect that he will fail in any pastoral duty. * * **Utica, N. Y.**—On Dec. 12-14 we attended the National Council of Superintendents. It was a joy to meet the men from the various states and sections of the country and hear their own stories and versions of the times in which we live, and of the obstacles to be overcome, as well as the victories and successes being achieved. There were present at this Council Dr. Lowe, General Superintendent, and Messrs. Lobdell of Ohio, Patterson of Michigan, Fortier of Vermont, Folsom of Maine, Walker of New York, Hadley of Rhode Island, Fisher of Connecticut, Coons of Massachusetts, Bishop of the Southern District, Houghton of the Southwestern District, and the writer. This session of the Council of Superintendents will be far-reaching in its effects. * * **The General Outlook.**—In consideration of the general world conditions, I believe Uni-

versalism in the Mid-West is doing its part comprehensively and constructively. In every church or community where we have settled ministers, our faith holds a place of respect among men. We need more and more to "let the public know" where we stand. We have "fundamentals," and it is essential that we preach them at this time.

L. R. Robinson.

Connecticut Letter

In the midst of the holiday season our church people were busy with the Christmas celebrations for the children of the church schools and with other activities of a like nature. It is a wise policy to make the impression of Christmas upon the lives of children as beautiful and as helpful as possible. Many of our leaders take advantage of the opportunity presented at Christmas time to appeal to the generous spirit of childhood to share with others the happiness enjoyed by the more favored. In New Haven, on Dec. 22, the children and their elders came to their celebration prepared to give to the children of the Near East. Envelopes previously had been distributed. About $140 was given. * * Our boys and girls from the colleges are home for the holidays. The happy social occasions arranged in their honor afford a pleasant opportunity for the renewal of home and church associations. * * **Norwich** will welcome a new pastor on the first of January in the person of the Rev. Augustine Norwood Foster. Mr. Foster is another one of that considerable number of our ministers who came from St. Paul's Church, Meriden. He is a grandson of Rev. Abraham Norwood, the first missionary of our church in Connecticut. Graduating from Tufts Divinity School in 1894, Mr. Foster has held important pastorates where he has done good work. He comes from Palmer, Mass., to Norwich. Our people will welcome his return to his home state and wish him and the Norwich friends a large measure of success. * * **Stamford** will part with its beloved pastor, Dr. Reifsnider, on Jan. 1. During the three years of his stay in this splendid parish and city Dr. Reifsnider has won the esteem and affectionate regard of a host. We regret his going. Dr. and Mrs. Reifsnider will spend the winter in California. We hope very speedily the successor to Dr. Reifsnider may be found. He will find a loyal people and a fine equipment. * * **Danbury** has just had a most notable dual event in a four-day series of services and gatherings. The new pastor, the Rev. Gustave H. Leining, was ordained and the one-hundredth anniversary of the parish was celebrated. It has been a good many years since an ordination has taken place in any of our churches. This ordination was significant for several reasons. Mr. Leining is a Connecticut boy. The ordaining prayer and act of ordination were by a relative, Dr. T. A. Fischer. The brother of the candidate, Rev. Fred C. Leining, of Providence, and Dean John Murray Atwood of Canton, also placed their hands upon the head of the kneeling young minister. The consecrating of a life of great promise is impressive and moving. The Danbury church can not but be the stronger and better because of the service. The anniversary celebration was admirably planned and carried out. Much credit is due to the Rev. E. B. Barber, a former pastor, who was chairman of the committee of arrangements. The wonderful spirit of fellowship of the churches of the town was manifested in the great service on the Sunday night when Dr. J. F. Newton was the preacher. It was virtually a union service, as the other churches omitted the usual evening service to show honor to a sister church and to give their people the coveted privilege of hearing a great prophet of God. An important event in the life of the church was marked most fittingly and appropriately by the good people of Danbury. * * **The Meriden church** was called upon to suffer a great bereavement in the death recently of Mr. Herman Hess. Mr. Hess was elected town clerk at the age of twenty-five. For thirty-six consecutive years he has been re-elected as town and city clerk. A public official of unimpeached honor, he discharged the many duties of his office with cheerfulness and efficiency. The whole city mourned his passing. Mr. Hess was for many years connected with our Meriden church. At one time he served as treasurer of the Connecticut Convention. He married a granddaughter of Rev. Abraham Norwood. He leaves a widow and one son, and two grandchildren. The sympathy of the Universalists in the state goes out to the bereaved family. * * It is expected that the next Y. P. C. U. State Convention will be held in the New Haven church. The president of the state organization, Mr. John H. Slator, is a New Haven young man. * * The writer attended the Council of Superintendents held Dec. 12-14 in Utica, N. Y. The progress our beloved Church is making as reported by those devoted state and regional superintendents is certainly reason for gratitude and encouragement. The splendid church and parish house of the entertaining church were at the disposal of the Council. The generous hospitality of the Utica people made the visit a most pleasant one.

Theodore A. Fischer.

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

On Wednesday, Dec. 27, at the First Parish Church (Unitarian), Beverly, Mass., Dr. Howard Charles Gale, minister of the parish, was married to Miss Agnes Woodberry Endicott.

California

Oakland.—Rev. B. C. Ruggles, pastor. On Christmas Sunday our new chorus choir made its first appearance under the leadership of one of our own members, Mrs. Hannah Elizabeth Richardson of the Musical Department of Mills College. Vestments will soon be worn by the choir, which is composed of talented young people of the church. The vestments will be in keeping with the expert knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles concerning color vibration and the tones used will express the spiritual values. The pastor was one of the few prominent men of the city asked to contribute an article to the editorial page of the Christmas issue of the *Post-Enquirer*. On Jan. 7 occurs the eighth anniversary of the founding of the church. On Jan. 8 occurs the Birthday Party of the church, our great family gathering of the year. This year each one in the church will make a birthday present of eight dimes or quarters or half dollars or dollars according to their ability. We suggest that all of the *Leader* readers who desire to help us with our building fund can do the same. We have our hopes high to realize our church home very soon now.

Illinois

Litchfield.—Mr. Curt Conner, who has been occupying the pulpit of the Universalist church, was ordained Wednesday, Nov. 8. Dr. L. B. Fisher of the Ryder Divinity School, Chicago, preached the ordination sermon, and the right hand of fellowship was extended on the behalf of the Illinois Universalist Convention by Rev. M. G. Linton, pastor of the Universalist church of Clinton. The ceremony, which was impressive as well as uplifting in spirit, was witnessed by a large congregation, representing the membership of nearly every church in the town. Rev. Mr. Madsden of the Christian church offered the opening prayer. Mr. Conner is a young man of exceptional promise, and since coming to this field has made many friends for the church and himself. The congregations are larger than they have ever been in the history of the church. Part of this of course must be credited to our new church home, and part is due to the personality and inspiring sermons of our young pastor. The Lucy Bacon Society of the church gave a very profitable bazar on Dec. 2, the net profits being $215. Dr. L. R. Robinson, the Mid-West Superintendent, made us a visit Dec. 7, and gave us an inspiring sermon. Nov. 5 the friends and members of the church gathered at the church in the evening, it being the eighty-second anniversary of the birth of one of our most loved and faithful members, Mrs. Blanche K. Davis. Dec. 17

the same sort of social event was held at the home of Mrs. Estelle B. Davis, in honor of the anniversary of the birth of her mother, Mrs. H. H. Beach, as well as that of Robert T. Husband. All persons mentioned are numbered with "the faithful." Our membership is small, but the outlook for the cause of Universalism in this city if very encouraging.

Massachusetts

Methuen.—Rev. A. Gertrude Earle, pastor. "Our Christmas was the best yet," some of the people of this church are saying. The celebration consisted of a tree for the Sunday school on Saturday afternoon, a service Sunday morning enriched by orchestral and vocal music in a church made beautiful with Christmas greens, including a tree decked in silver and surmounted by a star. The minister told the story, "Where Love is, there God is also." At the Sunday school hour a simple but effective program was conducted by the superintendent, Mr. Seaver R. Gilcreast. It was an abridgment of the program issued by the General Sunday School Association and was most beautifully given. At the close the whole school marched to the music of "We Three Kings" and placed their offerings for the Near East Relief at the foot of the Christmas tree. This offering, augmented by gifts from the congregation, reached the sum of $80. Much of the joy of this celebration was due to the unselfish enthusiasm displayed by the young people, who worked untiringly to give the children a happy time. Some of them came home from school and other duties for the holidays, and began to help as soon as they reached the town. This church seems to be especially unfortunate in losing its young people after they finish high school, but it is equally fortunate in the willingness with which those of high school age work for the Sunday school and in the loyalty of those who are at home only for vacations.

Brookline.—The Beacon Church has no pastor at present, but that did not interfere with the Christmas party for the poor children sent out from Boston by the Morgan Memorial. The Sunday school has been giving these parties for ten years now, and this one, like all the others, was a great success. A short entertainment was given first, and then Santa Claus appeared and distributed the presents from the tree. Ice cream and cake were served as usual. Many of the church people attend these parties, finding much pleasure in watching the happiness of the children.

Gloucester.—Rev. John Clarence Lee, D. D., pastor. The annual parish meeting was pronounced by many the best one ever held. The reports given by the parish committee and the treasurer showed that old debts of long standing had been cleared off, all bills for expenses were paid, and a balance of $600 was on hand towards the new year. All of the auxiliary organizations likewise showed balances on hand. The vestry has been attractively decorated and necessary repairs made on the church edifice. With warm enthusiasm, a rising vote of thanks was given to the retiring chairman of the parish committee, William D. Corliss, for his highly efficient and faithful labors in behalf of the prosperity of the church. Fitz J. Babson and Jeremiah Foster were elected to the parish committee for three years, Mr. Foster being chairman. Ernest A. Saunders was re-elected treasurer, Malcolm MacDonald clerk. A brilliant "Rainbow Fair" was held in the middle of December by the Ladies' Society, of which Mrs. W. T. Shute is president. The proceeds were $700. A sparkling one-act play, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Foster, was given each evening. The children's holiday party and also the Christmas service, "White Gifts for the King," by the church school, were under the management of Miss Helen W. Rice, our helpful superintendent. A large sum was donated to Near East relief, and Christmas gifts to needy little ones near by. The Christmas church service drew a great attendance. Beautiful old carols and anthems were sung by the quartette, under the charge of George B. Stevens, organist and choir director, and Dr. Lee preached on "The Radio Broadcast from the Heavenly Host."

Haverhill.—By the will of the late George C. Wadleigh of Haverhill, the Universalist church in this city is to receive a gift of $5000 for its support.

New York

Buffalo, Grace.—Rev. John Sayles, pastor. The year 1922 was a banner year with us. Beginning with the annual banquet in January and proceeding down to the last event of the year, the Christmas celebration, everything has gone enthusiastically and successfully. The all-day celebration of Palm Sunday and All Souls, the two Laymen's Days and Easter, were all that could be desired in programs and attendance. The Fathers and Sons Banquet and the Mothers and Daughters Banquets generated a great deal of good natured rivalry, with the latter winning out in rather a close contest. The June luncheon and the Sunday school picnic were held in due course and both were highly creditable to all concerned. The Woman's Aid have just closed their annual bazar, clearing above all expenses $1350. The John Murray Club has held its monthly dinners regularly. Some of the most noted figures of the city have spoken to this group, including newspaper editors, high school masters, city commissioners and clergymen. The annual three days outing of the Club was held on an island off Wilson in Lake Ontario, forty-five of the men and boys of the church forming the party. The Club gave its annual theater party last month and netted $340. The annual meeting of 1923 will be held Tuesday, Jan. 15, and the treasurer will report all 1922 obligations met in full with a thousand dollar reduction made on the church mortgage.

Auburn.—Rev. Charles H. Vail, D. D., pastor. Our spacious auditorium was well filled Christmas Sunday. Dr. Vail preached upon "The Origin and Meaning of Christmas." The offering amounted to $340. After the Sunday evening service the Christian Union visited the shut-ins and sang Christmas carols and then returned to the church for refreshments. The Y. P. C. U. has taken on new life, 21 having joined since Nov. 1. The Ladies' Aid had their annual sale in November; the net receipts were $400. The King's Daughters are planning for their sale at Easter time. The Christmas tree and party for the Sunday school was held Dec. 29. Our pastor has received a cordial welcome by the Ministerial Association and was asked to furnish the Christmas message for the Association to the city papers. The Association is composed of all the Protestant ministers of Auburn.

Fort Plain.—Rev. Herbert Frank Moulton, pastor. Our fair was very successfully conducted and the play which gave the name to the fair drew some 800 people. Our annual visitation day has been held. Thirty-three men left the church and called upon every family in the church. One rule is—the men must go to every home, sit down and talk about the church. This year these men brought back pledges by far the largest ever. When our present pastor came only $900 in sight from pew rentals. Now, under "every member canvass" plan we have this doubled and a good deal more. Eight years ago debts of thousands. Not one to-day. Printed circulars giving plan can be had of the minister. We have made a special effort this year for "the church school" with pledges of over three hundred. We are using "The Beacon Course of Religious Education," to be had at our Publishing House. It is the best we have tried. We gave our children a Christmas party. Our minister is giving "Travelogs" on Sunday nights of his travels over the world. Our Mission Circle has a reader, to read articles from the *Universalist Leader* at each meeting. We are to put on a big New Year's event Jan. 4. Circulars can be had by writing Mrs. C. W. Maylendar, Canal St. Many are asking by mail for our monthly circulars. They can be had only, as a rule, the first of the month.

Nova Scotia

Halifax.—Rev. Oluf Tandberg, pastor. Christmas was a season of delight and good-will in our little Universalist colony here. Our church has not so far been appreciably touched by the awful wave of unemployment, destitution, and poverty, which is sweeping this community, and we are grateful. Christmas was celebrated on Sunday, Dec. 24, the annual children's concert being given in the morning. The main service at 7 p. m. was well attended despite the serious condition of

the streets, the pavements being practically a vast sheet of ice. After the service, the whole congregation assembled in the church parlors, where Mr. Ralph Elliot of the board of trustees, on behalf of the congregation, presented the pastor and his wife with a purse of shining Canadian gold pieces as a Christmas present. Mr. Elliot voiced the sentiment of the people in the brief speech, in which he paid a high tribute to the pastor and his wife for the work they have done, and the impression they have made on the church and the community. To the recipients it was a complete surprise. On Thursday, Nov. 30, about fifty American gentlemen, with their ladies, all residents of Halifax, assembled in the so-called St. Julien chamber at the Halifax Hotel, to celebrate the American Thanksgiving Day. The festivities were presided over by the American consul-general, Mr. E. N. Gunsaulus, who conducted the guests to the tables where a genuine New England turkey dinner was served. Prayer was offered by Rev. Oluf Tandberg of the Universalist church. Having enjoyed the bountiful feast, the guests proceeded to form an American club, and the organization was completed with Mr. Gunsaulus as president. The object of the club is threefold—to promote a better understanding between Canadians and Americans, to increase the social opportunities of its members, and to aid needy Americans in Halifax. All joined in singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and adjourned to meet again in February.

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BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING

There will be a Ministers Meeting at Universalist Headquarters on Jan. 8 at 10.45. Dr. van Schaick will be the speaker.

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CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported	1,850
Webster City, Iowa	3
Waterloo, Iowa	3
Brewton, Ala.	1
Total	1,857

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 850. Warren. Mass., 1. Lowell, Mass., Grace, 4. Total, 855.

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INTERSTATE MINISTERS' MEETING

The annual Interstate Ministers' Meeting will be held Jan. 15, 1923, in the Roxbury Universalist Church, Buena Vista Street. (Take elevated train to Dudley Street station; change to Warren Street car—upper level, east loop—getting off at Buena Vista Street.)

10.30 a. m. Devotions, Rev. S. G. Spear. 10.45. "Some Methods in Church Work which I Have Successfully Tried," Rev. H. W. Haynes. 11.05. "Some Books I Have Found to Be Stimulating and Helpful," Rev. R. K. Marvin, D. D.

12.15. Luncheon, 75 cents per plate.

1.15 p. m. "Our Great Church Building Enterprises," Rev. J. S. Lowe, D. D. Discussion, questions. 3.00. Service of Consecration and Communion, Rev. G. E. Leighton, D. D.

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A CORRECTION

In the article in the *Leader* of Dec. 23 in which extracts from a letter written by Mrs. Patterson were given, reference was made to Rev. Hannah J. Powell's work in Tennessee. This was an error. Miss Powell's work is wholly in North Carolina.

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SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The Universalist School of Religious Education will begin at 7.30 on Jan. 9, 1923, at the Charlestown Universalist Church. Sessions are open to all denominations. There are to be two courses of twelve lectures each. The first session opens at 7.30, continuing until 8.15; assembly 8.15-8.30; second session 8.30-9.15. Dr. Lee S. McCollester and Mrs. Nellie I. Friend will be instructors for the first six lectures. Rev. James N. Fairly and Mrs. Friend will take charge of the last six lectures.

Please register at once.

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EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ST. PAUL'S ON THE MIDWAY

The celebration of this important historic event at St. Paul's on the Midway opened Friday evening, Dec. 8, with a platform meeting. It was a program of "co-workers." Rev. Lucy Markley of the new Northside church read the scripture lesson and gave the prayer. Hon. Roger S. Galer, president of the General Convention, came from Iowa to give its greetings. Rev. J. W. Vallentyne of Unity Church, Oak Park, spoke for the Universalist churches of Chicago and vicinity. Miss Katharine Reed presented the cause of Lombard College, while our own Dr. Fisher of Ryder and Dr. T. G. Soares of the University of Chicago represented our educational interests. The chorus choir of the church under Mr. Carl Craven's direction, gave the musical part of the program.

On Sunday morning, Dec. 10, Dr. John Smith Lowe gave a strong and inspiring address to a large audience. Many former attendants of the church were present. Coffee was served by the ladies of the church and tables were spread for an informal luncheon. At 3 o'clock, Dr. Frank Adams of Elgin, Ill., president of the Illinois State Convention, was the speaker.

Monday evening, Dec. 11, occurred the social event of the celebration. At 6 o'clock a reception was held. Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Towers and Dr. and Mrs. L. Ward Brigham were in the receiving line. A banquet was served at 7 p. m., comfortably taxing the large dining room of the church. Through the kindness of Mr. Hutchinson, the tables were decorated with beautiful flowers. Having done full justice to the excellent menu, the company were in happy mind to enjoy the delightful post-prandial exercises, under the direction of Mr. Hutchinson as toastmaster. After a short historical sketch by Dr. Brigham, Mr. C. A. Stevens, a former superintendent of the Sunday school and whose son, Mr. Elmer T. Stevens, is now superintendent, gave some interesting reminiscences, telling of his participation in former celebrations of the church, and exhibiting some momentos of such occasions. Miss Georgia Burnham added a word out of her long experiences in the church, and Miss Francelia Colby read a historical poem, especially enjoyed by the older members. The Woodlawn Church, often called "Ryder Memorial," which joined its fortunes to St. Paul's at the establishment on the Midway, was remembered by Mrs. Louise Pearson, one of its members. Dr. J. M. Tilden of Lombard gave a unique address, inclusive of extracts from a supposititious autobiography of a descendant of the present pastor of the church, written in 1992, on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of St. Paul's. Rev. W. H. Macpherson of Joliet, formerly assistant in the church, who is the only one of this pastorate still in the ministry, responded to the toast "Sole-Survivor." Just previous to pronouncing the benediction, Dr. Brigham presented to Mr. Hutchinson, in behalf of the members of the Sunday school and the church, a beautiful loving cup. It was a complete surprise to Mr. Hutchinson, and for once this genial and witty toastmaster was unable to make a reply. The program was interspersed with music by a male quartette, together with a solo by Mr. Craven and songs in which all participated. Altogether the evening was a most delightful one, and not to be forgotten by those present.

The first Universalist sermon was preached in Chicago in 1836, and services were continued more or less regularly, meeting in Mechanics Hall, Bennett's schoolhouse and the court house. A legal society was finally formed in the latter part of 1842, with Rev. R. W. Manley as pastor. The movement was sufficiently successful so that a church building was erected in 1844 at what is now 100 West Washington Street. It was a simple colonial structure, costing $2,000. By 1857 the growth was so large that a new Gothic structure of large proportions was erected at the northwest corner of Wabash and Van Buren Streets. In 1860, Dr. W. H. Ryder became the pastor. He was a remarkable man who was identified with all forward movements, and took a noble part in all the war activities. The church, under Dr. Ryder's leadership, ran an Industrial School for Colored People, the first institution of its kind in the city. During his twenty-two years of ministry, several

events of interest occurred. The church was destroyed in the great fire, and a new church had to be built. It was erected at the corner of Michigan Avenue and 16th Street, and finally dedicated free of debt in 1878. Owing to the shift of population another location was finally decided upon, and the new church home was established at Prairie Avenue and 30th Street, in 1888, under the pastorate of Dr. J. C. Adams. The movement of population continued and another move was necessary. In 1917 the present buildings were constructed at Dorchester Avenue and the Midway. At this time the Woodlawn Universalist Church, begun during Dr. Ryder's administration, joined forces and future with St. Paul's. The church, in its present location, has widened its field and become a large social center for the community.

The following ministers have served St. Paul's: Rev. W. W. Dean, Rev. W. E. Manley, Rev. S. Skinner, Rev. S. B. Mason, Rev. W. W. King, Rev. W. H. Ryder, Rev. Sumner Ellis, Rev. J. C. Adams, Rev. A. J. Canfield, Rev. J. K. Mason, Rev. L. D. Case, Rev. L. W. Brigham.

* *

A CHRISTMAS PARTY

On the Thursday afternoon before Christmas the Publishing House had a party with an honest-to-goodness Christmas tree and fat, bulgy stockings hung by the fireplace and Santa Claus himself attending. The guests at the party were the Dimarcos and the Martinos and the Lukewiekas and the Riccolis and some others besides with just such good American names. They were a lively, friendly bunch of youngsters and made themselves thoroughly at home at once. One small person who carefully explained that her name was Nellie to numbers of questioning grown-ups who insisted on taking her for a boy, was presented with a delightfully jangling arrangement of bells and revolving gaudy birds which only needed to be shoved around by means of a convenient handle to make a perfectly satisfactory noise. At least it appeared to be satisfactory to Nellie, because she shoved it with solemn persistence and unflagging steps around and around and around the room for a long, long time. She quite evidently intended devoting her life to the enterprise and might have succeeded in this laudable ambition if it had not been for Octavio. Octavio was round and jolly looking and one of those disconcerting children who are strong for their age, the kind who can always totally demolish the sublime faith of theoretical grown-ups that little boys can be handled so simply and easily by gentle tactics, with one well directed punch. Octavio knew what he wanted when he wanted it, and he wanted the jangling thing the minute he saw it. He got it. Octavio will always get what he wants in life. His method of manipulating it was quite different from Nellie's. He set himself to run down everything in sight. He charged the Christmas tree and then each small child in turn who happened to be sitting on the floor. Finally he was quieted, figuratively speaking, by being given a drum.

Aurelia captivated all the susceptible males of the Publishing House with her beautiful, great blue eyes. She was very beautiful, was Aurelia, with long black lashes, a tiny, appealing little mouth and curly hair. She regarded everything going on around her with a gentle seriousness and could not be prevailed upon to smile, even at her ice-cream. The ice-cream *was* smiled upon, however, by Salvatore, and Yolande, and Armando, and Constantina and all the others. The Christmas tree was admired, the bulgy stockings were received with vociferous shrieks of approval, and Santa Claus, who arrived convincingly arrayed in a red suit and a beard and with a very promising looking pack slung over his shoulder, was greeted as an old friend.

It was a scramble to get them off home at the end of the afternoon, laden down with apples and oranges, whistles and drums and dolls, but they went away happy, and they left us behind them happy, so everybody felt that it had been a really, truly Christmas party.

* *

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

Jan. 25. Public meeting of the W. U. M. S. of Massachusetts, at Malden, Mass.

* *

Notices

GENERAL CONVENTION TRUSTEES MEETING

The regular meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention will be held in New York City, Jan. 16-17, 1923. All matters of business to be presented to this meeting should be in the hands of the Secretary immediately.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary,
176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

* *

PUBLIC MEETING
Massachusetts W. U. M. S.

The second Public Meeting of the year, under the auspices of the Woman's Universalist Missionary Society of Massachusetts, will be at the Universalist church in Malden, Jan. 25, 1923. This is the last meeting of the season for Boston and vicinity, the next being in Orange, the last at Orleans. Please plan to attend, if possible—a full program has been prepared, covering much of the work.

Mary E. Nye,
State Chairman.

* *

IOWA FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

A letter of transfer has been received from the Ohio Convention of Rev. Edward A. Lewis of Osage, Iowa, which has been approved by the Iowa Committee, and a letter of transfer has been granted by this committee to Rev. A. W. Altenbern of Junction City, Kan., to the Kansas Convention.

O. G. Colegrove.

* *

DOOLITTLE UNIVERSALIST HOME FOR AGED PERSONS, INC.

The annual meeting of the Corporation will be held at the Home in Foxborough, Mass., on Wednesday, Jan. 17, 1923, at 2 p. m. Each member of the Corporation shall be entitled to one vote either in person or by proxy, provided his dues are paid in full to the date of said meeting. At this meeting ten members shall constitute a quorum.

Leroy W. Coons, Clerk.

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For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

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The Convention acts as Trustee for funds given or bequeathed to Local Parishes.

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Crackling

The Government advises farmers to raise peanuts, but not to public office.—*Washington Post.*

* *

"Jack and Emily are going to be married."

"Emily! I thought she was one of these modern girls who don't believe in marriage."

"So did Jack."—*The Harvard Lampoon.*

* *

The following letter was received by a Boston firm from a Japanese customer:

"We are co-operate our sales and when it will be known why we should be able to double the quantity will not be much difficult matter. We take it from your favor with a information that you will find sometime necessary requires a extensions on LC it is better to send you 1-3d payment on each order therefore to cover this enclosed please find a demand draft in your favor for $350.00 a apploximate 1-3d payment of this order, which trust quite in order. We assure you to meet your draft for balance of this order upon presentation. Hoping our small establishment business relationship with you co-operate our mutual benefit in near future, meanwhile."

* *

"But why do they make the apartments so small?"

Real Estate Agent: "That, madam, is so the tenants will have no room for complaint."—*Honey Comb Briefs.*

* *

These attacks upon women's colleges must stop. There must be some place where the girls can learn to play the ukulele.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

* *

Henri Bergson says brain-workers ought to be paid better, and while this is the first thing Henri ever said that we understood, we are for him to the last drop of our blood.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

* *

Mr. Harrison was in a bad temper, and when an acquaintance met him one morning on the Strand, with the question, "'Ow is your 'ealth to-day, Mr. 'Arrison?" he waxed wrathful.

"My name is not 'Arrison!" he snapped.

"Well," said the other, "if a haitch, a hay, two hars, a hi, a hes, a ho, an' a hen don't spell 'Arrison, what on earth do they spell?"—*London Times.*

* *

One New York man who is having financial difficulties says he thinks he will come out about even, as he owes just about as many people as he does not owe.—*Washington Herald.*

* *

Mr. Toppit: "Sorry I did not give you a better game. The fact is, I had rather a bad headache."

Mr. Plus-Play: "I have never yet beat a man who was in perfect health."—*Life.*

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